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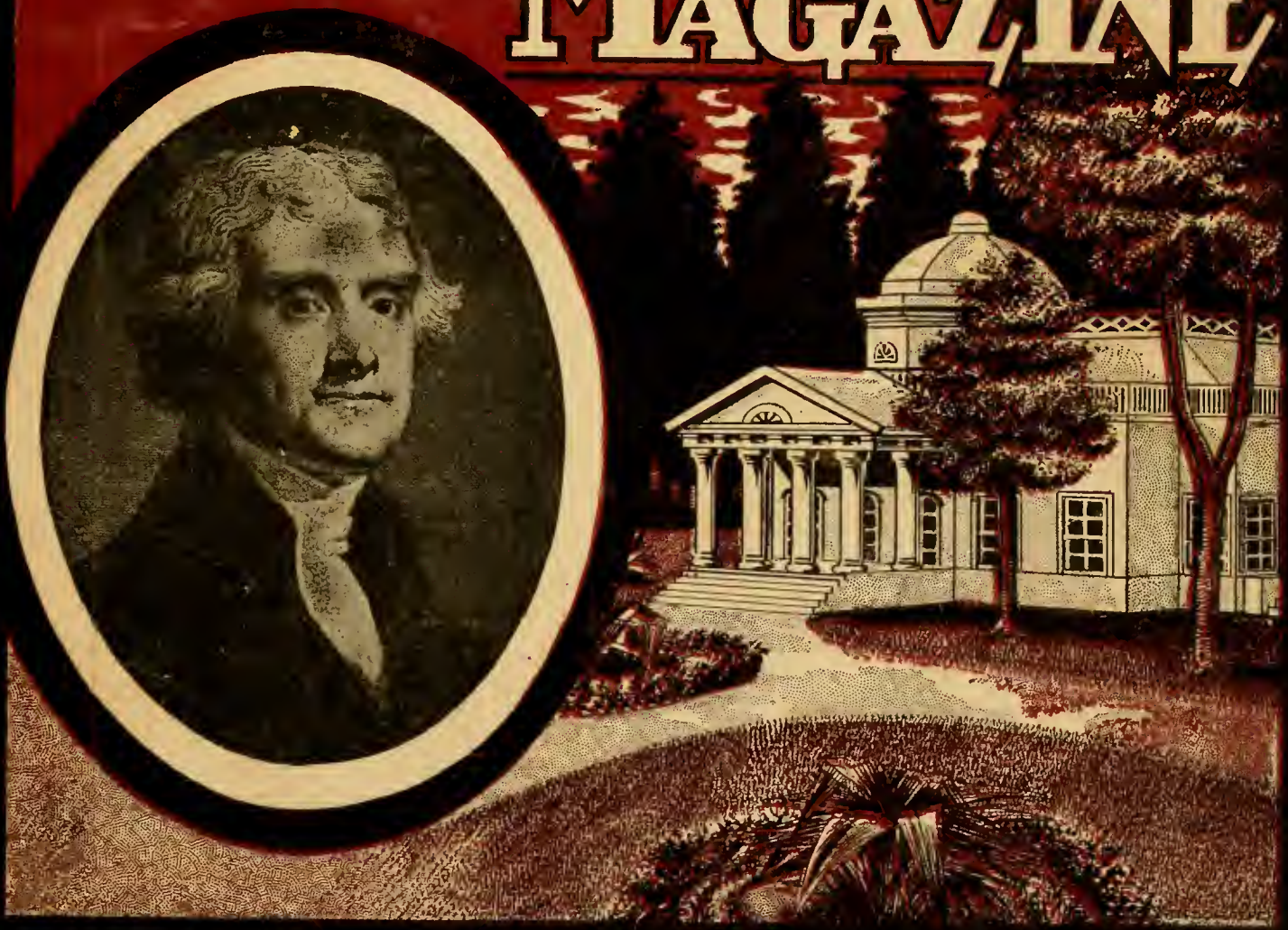

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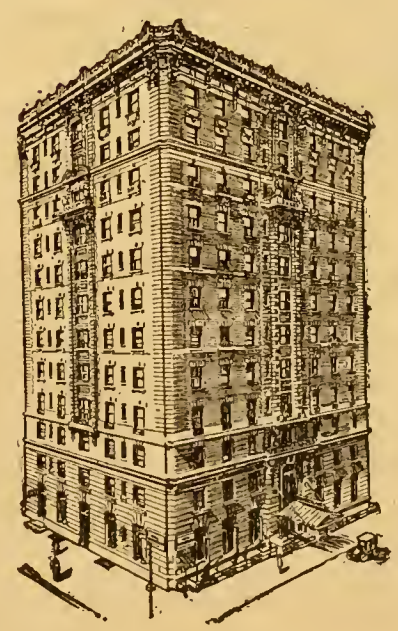

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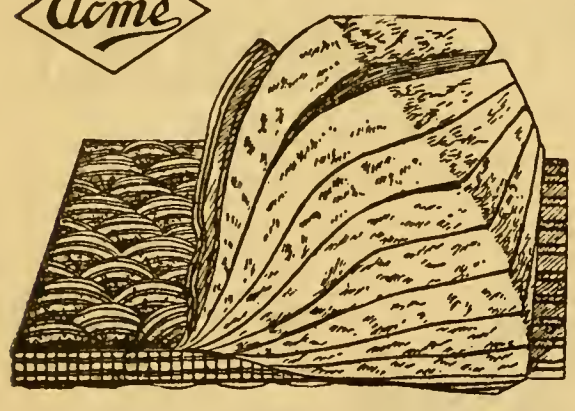

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CONTENTS

FRONTISPIECE—A Tennessee Belle.

EDITORIALS—(Thos. E. Watson).

THE STORY OF THE SOUTH AND WEST 187
THE ROMAN CATHOLIC HIERARCHY 191
LORD CHATHAM 194
THE GREATEST OF WOMEN 197
AS IT IS, AND AS IT MAY BE 199
SOME OF THE WAYS THE TARIFF ROBS YOU 203
AFTER AWHILE, DEAR—(A Poem) 206
SURVEY OF THE WORLD 255

THE REAL SIGNIFICANCE OF J. P. MORGAN . . . . . W. H. Allen 208
MAGIC MOONLIGHT—(A Verse) . . . . . Roy Temple House 214
CHURCH UNION . . . . . John Potts 215
HOW SMALL-POX WAS BANISHED FROM LEICESTER . . J. W. Hodge 217
THE OLD NATCHEZ TRACE . . . . . Park Marshall 225
THE LAST HOUR—(A Poem) . . . . . Geo. B. Staff 230

SPECIAL ARTICLES—(Alice Louise Lytle).

A DEAL IN SOAP 231
THE SUNNY SIDE OF THINGS 260
THE JEFF'S BABY SHOW 266

A SOUTHERNER'S VIEW OF SECESSION . . . . . John S. Beard 233
AS A BIRD TO THE MOUNTAINS—(Conclusion) . . . . . Anne McQueen 237
APPLE BLOSSOMS—(A Poem) . . . . . Alonzo Rice 242
CAMPAIGNING WITH JEB STUART . . . . . Col. G. N. Saussy 243
REVEILLE—(A Poem) . . . . . J. T. Hudson 248
REMINISCENCES FROM THE FIRING LINE 249
THE OLD HOUSE—(A Poem) . . . . . Walter W. Stephens . . . 259
A MOTOR TRIP TO FLORIDA . . . . . Oscar S. Lee 262
EDUCATIONAL 269
BOOK REVIEWS 272

REPRESENTATIVES—Nashville, Tenn.: W. M. Duncan, Stahlman Block. **Atlanta, Ga.:** J. L. Cartledge, 8 Wall Street. **New York City:** Geo. S. Krantz, 107 W. 13th Street. **Boston, Mass.:** C. S. Parr, Tremont Temple. **Chicago, Ill.:** W. E. Herman, 112 Dearborn St.

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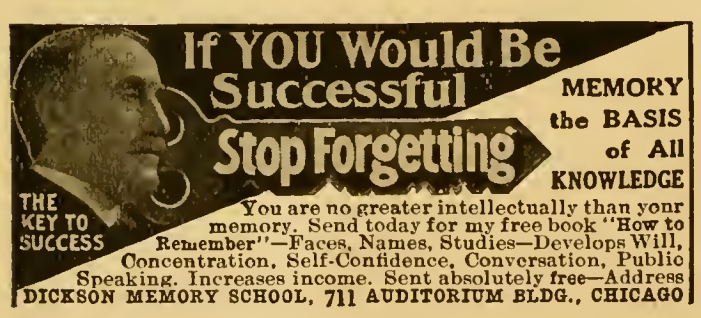

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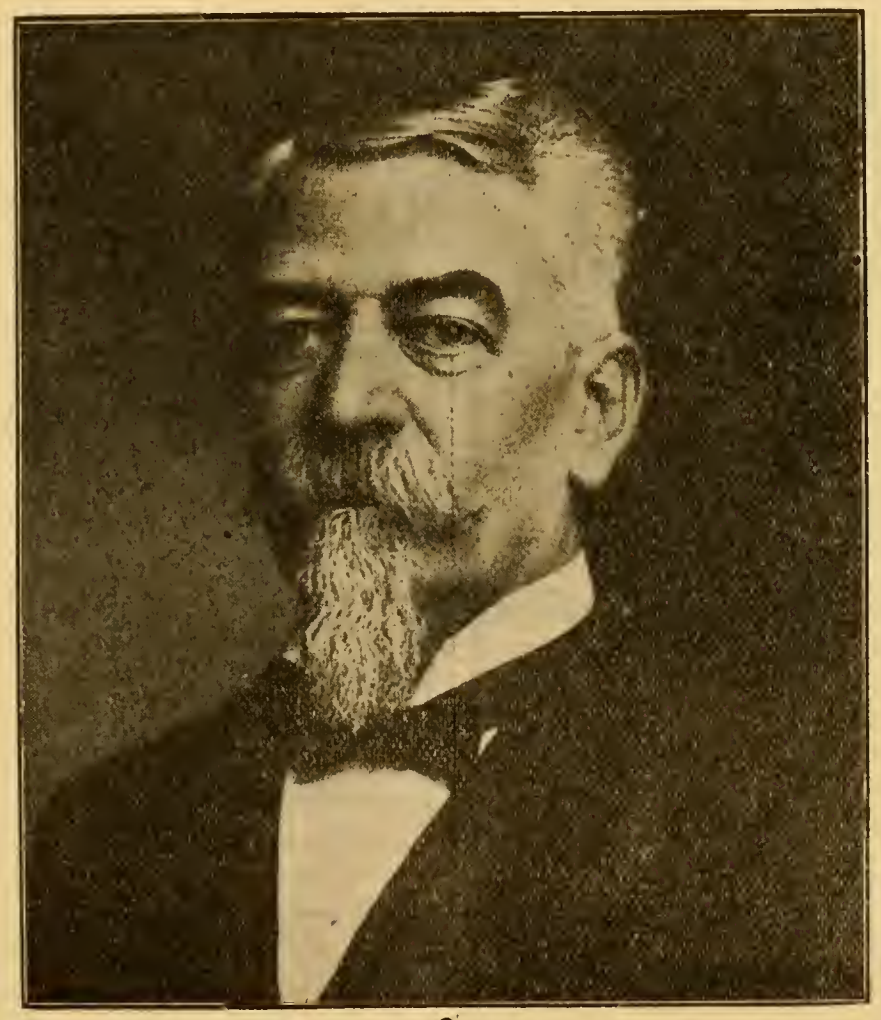

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EDITORIALS

By THOS. E. WATSON

The Story of the South and West

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Chapter III.

OF late years a wealth of original material bearing upon historical questions has been discovered and published. Ancient English castles, (like that of Kimbolton, where the divorced Catherine of Aragon lived, while her former husband and brother-in-law, Henry VIII., was leading to the altar, one woman after another, and then sending her to the scaffold), have yielded up their long-hidden secrets; and we now see the past, as never before. The letters which Catharine received from King Ferdinand, her father, and those which she wrote home to Spain, illuminate most vividly some of the darkest corners of English and Spanish history.

In addition to this, the archives of Spain, secreted so long at Simancas, have been opened to scholars; and we now have the original letters which passed between Henry VII., of England, and his more powerful neighbor, the King of Spain. With these original documents, which constitute the highest and best evidence on mooted historical questions, we are now enabled to escape the glamor and get at the facts—to ignore the pretense which was published, and which the multitude believed, and to trace the serpentine movements of the real motive as it passed secretly on its way to its object.

The following letter is published because it reveals the state of mind of the average reader, who has taken his idea of history from the average American historian:

Hon. Thos. E. Watson—Dear Sir: Am in receipt of the February number of your magazine. Several articles appearing therein have especially interested me, although several statements made by you are quite astonishing.

In "The Story of the South and West" you make the following statements:

"Columbus was the very first white slave trader that this country ever knew.

"A monster in rapacity and cruelty, he was as much of a liar as our Doctor Cook. Wishing to deceive Europe into the belief that he had discovered the continent, he compelled eighty of his crew to swear to that fact; and to swear, moreover, that if any of the perjurers confessed, on his return home, he should pay a fine of 10,000 maveredis, and have his tongue cut out.

"To this gold-seeker and inhuman tyrant, the extinction of the mild, generous, unsuspicious natives of the West Indies can be traced. That he was not punished for his false reports and barbarities, but was permitted to crawl off in disgrace and die in abandonment, was due to Isabella's womanly compassion."

In all of our historical reading we have failed to find any such criticism of Columbus. A certain orator, speaking at a Columbus Day celebration last October, in regard to the discoverer, asserted that, "His head was like a haunted house, which

he carried to all the courts of Europe. It seemed that God had promised him an immortal name and nothing more. Columbus, after reading and re-reading of the Psalm, 'I will satisfy your heart's desire,' felt assured that only success would greet his venture.

"Isabella of Spain was influenced by Columbus' earnestness and aided him. The discovery of America was the greatest event of its kind since the Creation."

On the same day at a like celebration, a certain Mr. Smythe, one of the national directors of the Knights of Columbus, during his speech, the subject of which was, "The History of an Idea," said: "America is the greatest Christian nation in the world. Columbus was a devout Christian, and when he discovered America in the name of Spain it meant that this country was destined to be ruled by Christianity. This also was the first country where there was any freedom in religion. In other nations the belief of a certain creed or sect was enforced."

Noting that these statements disagree altogether with yours made in the aforesaid article, and that all may know the historical truth in regard to the matter, we beg to inquire as to the source of your information.

In the name of historical fairness, please give us more light on this interesting subject through the Educational Department in your magazine.

Yours very respectfully,
W. FRANK STANDEFORD.
Plattsburg, Mo., R. R. 1.

In the light of the archives to which reference has already been made, Ferdinand and Isabella lose their halo, and we know them as adepts at intrigue, devoid of human kindness, capable of any deceit or cruelty in the pursuit of their aims. Bad as was King Henry VII., of England, their most Christian majesties of Spain were infinitely worse. One detail will suffice. They had insisted that the King of England give his oldest son in marriage to their daughter, Catharine. They offered to the miserly Henry a bribe of two hundred thousand ducats. The English King was most averse to this alliance. Being a usurper, however, a descendent of a bastard branch of the royal family, his throne was unstable, and he was not sufficiently strong to go to war with what was then the most powerful monarchy in the world. It was plainly intimated to him by Ferdinand, that unless the marriage was solemnized, there would be a struggle to the death between the two nations. Henry delayed as long as he could, and then yielded. His boy was only fifteen years old, and his father seems to have been deeply attached to him. After the marriage, he took his son away from the bride, who was several years older, much more robust and, like most of the full-sexed women of her race, thoroughly voluptuous. The English King feared that his fifteen-year-old boy would be irretrievably injured if, at that tender age, he was subjected to the boundless, unrestrained passions of this young Spanish woman. He implored the King of Spain not to insist that the boy live with the young woman as her husband. A translation of his letter on the subject is given in the Appendix. It is one of the most pathetic of human documents. The Spanish King, however, was unmoved by it. He insisted upon a consummation of the marriage. The English King had to yield. The young couple lived together as man and wife, and the boy was dead in a few months. Following this tragedy, Ferdinand demanded that the widow of the Prince Arthur be married to her husband's brother, who afterwards became Henry VIII. The manner in which Ferdinand of Spain instructed his daughter, Catharine, to virtually seduce her

brother-in-law, Prince Henry, and the manner in which this sensual young woman set about inflaming desire in the lusty boy who afterward became her husband, is one of the most loathsome stories that could be told—and it is told in the original letters, some of which have her own signature, and some of which bear that of her father.

Before Ferdinand and Isabella, the good Christians, can be made sure of their daughter's accession to the English throne, Henry VII. is practically told that he must murder, through a farsical state trial, the younger of the two princes who were supposed to have been murdered in the Tower, by their uncle, the hump-backed Richard III. There is no doubt whatever that the man known to history as Perken Warbeck, was the youngest legitimate son of King Edward IV. He was, therefore, entitled to the crown. Consequently, there was no security in the title of Henry VII. or his decendants as long as the legitimate Plantaganet line had a descendant. For this reason, Ferdinand wanted him "removed;" and he was accordingly put to death.

Now let us pass on to the questions raised by the letter concerning Columbus.

If our readers will refer to *Johnson's Universal Cyclopedia,* prepared in 1907 under the directions of Chas. Kendall Adams, President of the University of Wisconsin, they will find every one of my statements verified. On page 413 of Volume II, the frightful account is given of the cruelty with which Columbus treated the natives of the West Indies, of his sending ship-loads of them to Europe to be sold into slavery. A full account is also given of how he reduced them to bondage age in their native islands.

Our readers will also find the assertion that on June 12, 1494, Columbus was compelled to abandon his effort to discover the continent. Before turning back he caused eighty of his men to swear that they had reached the mainland, and that it would be possible to return to Spain by a continuous journey to the West, by land. Any one who should, on his return to Spain, declare differently, was to be fined ten thousand maravidis and have his tongue cut out.

But we do not have to depend upon *Johnson's Cyclopedia* to prove what a fraud and monster Columbus was. We have his own letters, with which to prove conclusively that his lust for power and for gold was equal to that of Pizaro and Cortez. In fact, the atrocities which the Spaniards committed in Peru and Mexico, were but repetitions of what Columbus, his son and his brother had perpetrated upon the mild, helpless natives of the West Indies.

In the memorial which, in 1494, Columbus addressed to Losrayes, he shamelessly proposes to capture and make slaves of the natives. He makes an estimate of the number of cattle and so forth, which would have to be sent to his colony from Spain, and proposes that these cargoes from home be paid for in slaves, captured in the West Indies. He resorts to the customary hypocritical argument that this would be

good for the Indians, who would be converted to the Christian faith. He tempts their most Christian Majesties of Spain, by suggesting they collect fifty dollars per head, on the slaves. The monster writes: "In the name of the Holy Trinity, there can be sent as many slaves as sale can be found for in Spain; and they tell me four thousand can be sold, also some log-wood, realizing together about sixty thousand dollars."

In addition these ship-loads of natives whom he kidnapped and sold into slavery, he divided out the land among his favorites, and put them in possession of Indian serfs who were to till the soil.

By repeated massacres of these almost unarmed natives; by driving them too hard in their peonage; and by communicating European diseases to them, vast numbers of them were carried off and the native population began to melt away.

Las Casas was revolted by the sights he saw, and he went to Spain to tell the King about it. To illustrate the cruelties which had become common, he told the King that a gang of Spaniards tossed a little Indian baby into the river, just for a joke, and as the infant rose once or twice, the Spaniards cried out amid convulsions of laughter: "Ha, stupid; you boil up, do you?"

Instead of honoring the memory of Columbus, and making his birthday a legal holiday, we should remember that he is responsible for a system of slave-trading and hideous brutality that destroyed a million and a half of his fellow-men in Espanola, a million in Cuba, half a million in Jamaica, and a hundred thousand in the Bahamas. Besides, in his frantic search for gold, and the ruthless methods to which he resorted, his example instigated the ferocious imitation which cost other millions of lives in Mexico, Peru, Colombia and Central America.

It is an appalling evidence of Italian craft and encroachment, that *The Knights of Columbus* should have been successful, already, in having fourteen States of this Protestant Union make a legal Holiday in honor of this monumental fake and barbarian, Christopher Columbus. Instead of being reverenced, he deserves universal and profound detestation.

As to religious liberty having had its birth in this country, that is also an unblushing falsehood. The modern world knew nothing of it until William the Silent, of Holland, fought the Catholics for it, and won it, after years of the most atrocious persecution. And because he *had* won it, the Catholics had him assassinated!

The Roman Catholic Hierarchy: The Deadliest Menace to Our Liberties and Our Civilization

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[For the individual Roman Catholic who finds happiness in his faith, I have no word of unkindness. Some of my best friends are devout believers in their "Holy Father." If anything contained in the series of chapters dealing with the hierarchy causes them pain, and alienates their good will, I will deplore it.

The Roman Catholic ORGANIZATION is the object of my profoundest detestation—NOT the belief of THE INDIVIDUAL.]

Chapter VIII.

IN the New Testament and in *Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History,* you will find that the religion founded by Christ was simplicity itself. It was informal, inexpensive, devoid of pomp, totally wanting in gorgeous ceremonial. Its rites were few. There was preaching, there was praying, there was singing, there was baptism. There was the open and public confessing of sins, in the midst of the congregation. There was the ordination of the Lord's Supper, and there is every reason to believe in the early church there really was *a supper.* The Christians met at the usual supper time, and partook of the same kind of supper that our Savior had eaten, the last time He sat with the Twelve. There can be no doubt of the fact that converts were baptized in the rivers and in the numerous pools that existed throughout Palestine. The bare fact that they resorted to the river and to the pool, is sufficient to my mind to prove that baptism meant *immersion.* It seems to me manifestly absurd to contend that Christ took the trouble to wade into the River Jordan to be baptised by John, if the intention was not to put His person completely beneath the waters. Likewise, it seems to me they would not have gone to the trouble to enter the pools, if baptism was merely to consist of sprinkling the head. If there was nothing more than sprinkling, they would not have sought the river nor the pool. Applying one's common sense, and one's knowledge of human nature to the facts as they appear of record, I myself have not the slightest doubt that baptism meant immersion. I cannot, otherwise, explain why these early Christians, and Jesus Himself, took such pains to bring upon themselves the temporary physical discomfort of wet clothes. Can *you?*

In the primitive Church we find that, whoever was instrumental in gaining a convert to Christ, felt authorized to baptize him. At first there were no houses of worship; the Christians met in the open, and it would seem that night was the time they preferred. One reason for this was their desire to escape persecution. In Rome, especially, there were no churches and no meetings of the congregation in the daytime, during the first years after the sect had attracted attention, and after the emperors had attempted to stamp out the new religion.

We do not find in the New Testament the slightest authority for the tithing system, nor for the assess-

ment and the fixed salary. The pastor depended upon the voluntary contributions of the flock, for his support; and Paul is about the only one of the early workers who appears to have made the question of his compensation an issue between himself and his churches.

Now, bear in mind that the New Testament, the infallible test, proves that, in the primitive Church there were no other observances than those already mentioned. It cannot be too often repeated that preaching, praying, baptism, congregational confession and the celebration of the Last Supper were absolutely all of the rites of the early church. The practices of the early Christians were practically the same as those of John Wesley and his immediate disciples; while I am quite sure the early Christians and Christ Himself were *immersed.*

From whence then did the Catholics derive their complex and elaborate ceremonials? From the Roman pagans, chiefly. One of the most astonishing violations of the plain mandates of Holy Writ is, the survival of the pagan worship of images. In the olden times the pagan made his image, then knelt before it, adorned it with flowers, offered incense to it, lighted tapers before it, carried it in processions through the streets and made pilgrimages to its shrine, *just as the Roman Catholics are now doing throughout the world.* No such heathenish performance, debasing and disgraceful, was known to the early Christian church.

The tutelary image of the Italian city, is nothing in the world but an imitation of the Trojan palladium. This was a wooden statue, three cubits long, which the priests of Troy claimed—and the vulgar pretended to believe--fell from Heaven. When the Greeks, after the ten years' seige, captured and sacked the city, into which the beautiful and frail wife of Menelaus had been taken by Paris, they carried home with them, as a part of their spoils, the palladium which the Trojan priests had vouched for as a gift from Heaven. The superstition struck root in almost every city of Greece; and the gods were so accommodating, that every Grecian town received a statue directly from on High. As you will remember, Paul had a lot of trouble with one of these statues, at Ephesus. It was the statue of Diana, and it came as directly from Heaven as any of the others did.

One of the most powerful leverages of the Roman hierarchy is, the statue which does miraclous things. To all appearances, it is made of marble, and has no human feeling; yet, upon occasion, it sweats, or it bleeds, or it weeps. When this miracle becomes evident to the European peasant, he falls upon his knees in a convulsion of reverence—and the priest has great difficulty in keeping his face straight. Indeed, there are times when the irreverent observer can see and hear the levity with which the conductors of the pious show contemn the credulity of their slaves.

When the French invaded Italy, in 1798, they exposed to the peasants the very human way in which the stone Virgin was made to weep. (Glass beads, worked from within, and passed beneath the marble eyes.) But the exposure was soon

forgotten, and the superstition remained.

Those who are at all familiar with history will recall that the Grecian statues had the habit of sweating, before great events occurred. They all broke out in a profuse perspiration just before the battle of Chœronea. From the Grecian images, the Roman statues copied the habit of sweating on momentous occasions. You will find that Juno's statue at Veii, when asked if she would consent to go to Rome, assented with a courteous bow. It appears it was never necessary to make another, and she did not do so. Just before the battle of Actium, the statue of Anthony bled copiously, as all the world knows. There were other statues that cured diseases.

Devout kisses were implanted upon these images by the pagans; and not only did the Druids kiss the toe of the High Priest, a thousand years before Christ, but the Roman pagans borrowed it from the Greeks, who had borrowed it from the Egyptians, who, in their turn, had borrowed it from the Assyrians. This worship with the lips is seen in the Mohammedan, who kisses the Holy Stone at Mecca; and it goes back to the worship of Baal, whose priests kissed their idols with great fervor and regularity.

Cicero tells us there was an image of Hercules at Agrigentum, whose chin was worn by the kissing of the faithful worshippers of this god of strength.

At Rome, the traveller is shown what is said to be a statue of Peter: the big toe is much worn by centuries of kissing, but the lower half of this renowned piece of statuary is the Roman embodiment of their god, Jupiter; and the Christian lips which now reverently embrace that old toe, are merely continuing the practice of the Roman pagans who had been kissing it hundreds of years before Christ was born.

The Persians, from time immemorial, practised infant baptism. From them the Catholic priest borrowed the font, and the signing of the child's brow.

The throwing three handsful of earth on the coffin or the grave, and saying "dust to dust," was the custom of the ancient Egyptians, from whom the Catholics borrowed it.

The early fathers of the Church regarded the burning of incense with horror, and some of them suffered martyrdom, rather than handle it. The custom is of oriental and pagan origin.

The use of holy water is purely pagan; and the pagan aspersorium is exactly the same kind of vessel as the Catholic churches use; and it occupies, in the Catholic church, the same position which it occupied in the pagan temple.

Do you happen to know how the Catholic priest makes holy water? It is enough to make a sane man wonder whether he is dreaming or not, when he sees so many intelligent men and women pretending to believe in this monstrous superstition of holy water. The priest bends over the vessel which contains the water, mutters some cabalistic words (in Latin, of course), traces the sign of the cross with his finger on the face of the water, puts his lips to it, saying: "Receive thou the Holy Spirit"—making it "bubble with his breath—makes other motions with his hands over it,

sprinkles a white powder into it, and in the end, pronounces it *holy*. The miracles which this water is thus empowered to perform, bear a mathematical proportion to the jackassical faith of those who believe in this puerile—not to say contemptible—performance.

Lord Chatham, His Life and Connections

THOSE who have read Lord Roseberry's "Napoleon: the Last Phase," must have regretted that the English peer did not devote his life to literature. His books are animated by the spirit of high-bred urbanity; his style is remarkable for ease and clearness; and he literally exhauts information bearing upon his subject before he puts pen to paper. There are passages in his account of the imprisonment of the great Emperor, at St. Helena, that are models of pathos, eloquence, sarcasm and humor. His chapter on the effect of the climate upon the Commissioners who were sent by the Kings to watch the prisoner torture himself, and to witness the tortures inflicted upon him by the unspeakably mean Sir Hudson Lowe, is, in my judgment, one of the most truly humorous to be found anywhere.

In the work which bears the name which we use as the title of this article, Lord Roseberry maintains the lofty standard which he attained in "Napoleon: the Last Phase"—something altogether different and more admirable than his biography of William Pitt, the younger.

There was a time when my admiration for Macaulay was very great. His famous "style" caught my youthful imagination, and, like most others, I considered it supremely good. As my explorations into original authorities have been widened, and as I have compared the styles of other writers to that of Macaulay, I have become convinced that he had no ear for music, and no very profound regard for the truth. If a fact was in the way of a brilliant sentence, it was bad for the fact; he invariably sacrificed it to what he considered a brilliant antithesis. His power of description was not at all extraordinary; and he often used a supposition, purely fanciful, to supply a gap which historical research could not fill.

In his Essay on the Earl of Chatham, I find in the brief compass of two pages, more than half a dozen inexcusable blemishes in the verbiage. For instance, consider this: "But disasters following one another in *rapid* succession, *rapidly* dispelled the illusions of national vanity." Of course he should not have used the same word twice in the same sentence. Again: "Chatham, it should seem, ought to have taken the same side before France had taken any part," etc. Here the use of the word "taken" twice in such quick succession was against all the canons of good taste. Again: "He remembered how, in a day of gloom and dismay," etc.; day

and dismay, two similar sounds, should not have followed each other so closely.

In his description of the dramatic death of Chatham occurs the trite similie, "The House listened in solemn silence," etc.; "the stillness was so deep that the dropping of a handkerchief would have been heard." This is not only a thread bare comparison but, as a statement, is absurd. On a carpeted floor, like that in the House of Lords, a dropped handkerchief would have made no noise whatever distinguishable to the human ear, no matter how deep the stillness.

As evidence of Macaulay's recklessness in handling facts, I will cite two instances from this one Essay: "His bed was watched to the last with anxious tenderness by his wife and children; and he well deserved their care; too often haughty and wayward to others, to them he had been almost effeminately kind."

This last allusion is to one of Chatham's periodical and mysterious disappearances: "But if business were mentioned to him, he, once the proudest and boldest of mankind, behaved like an hysterical girl, trembled from head to foot and burst into a flood of tears."

In examining the first paragraph quoted, it will at once occur to you that in a description of Chatham's collapse in the House of Lords and of his death at his county-seat, the reference to his kindness to his family should not have been put in the same sentence or same paragraph with a description of his death-bed. As a matter of fact, Chatham was probably the most exacting husband that ever lived. His wife not only had to nurse him every day, but every night also. He absolutely extracted from here life every possible gift of wifely consecration. He was always more or less of a madman; and during his strange periodical disappearances it was his wife who stood between him and the public, guarding with sleepless vigilance the terrible secret, that the great orator and statesman was, for the time, absolutely crazy. It was she who wrote the letters to the men of the outside world, which he was supposed to have dictated to her; it was she who refused to admit visitors to his room. It was she who applied whatever gentle force was necessary to prevent the madman from breaking out of his room, and from doing damage to those within it.

Even when he was sane, the selfish, exacting character that was his, is shown by the fact that none of his household ever knew when he would dine, and one dinner after another was in successive preparation until he demanded to be served. If he were required to wait for a minute for his food, he raved and stormed at such a rate that his elaborate domestic establishment was thrown into confusion and terror.

A significant fact is, that his wife, who survived him, and his son, who succeeded to his fame and power, could never be induced to talk about him. The terrible secret of the family was kept to the last.

In regard to the other statement made by Macaulay, that when business was mentioned to Chatham during one of the eclipses of his intellect, "he would tremble like a girl and burst into a flood of tears," there is absolutely no authority for

any such statement. As I have already said, the secrecy with which Chatham's faithful wife concealed his temporary madness, was impenetrable. No one knows what he said, how he looked, or what he did. All that the outside world knew was, that he could not be seen or heard, until Lady Chatham and his physician judged he might be permitted to reappear.

In reference to his collapse in the House of Lords, there is a curious story which I recently ran upon in a book of English memoirs. The old man had contracted the habit, as Gladstone did, of using a stimulant while addressing Parliament. This cordial-bottle, Lord Chatham was in the habit of carrying in a certain pocket, within the sort of flannel dressing gown he wore during his last days. He had spoken disconnectedly against the purpose of the English government to acknowledge the independence of the American colonies. The Duke of Richmond replied, in the most courteous and considerate manner; but Chatham manifested the highest excitement and mental irritability during Richmond's speech. Rising immediately afterwards to reply to the Duke, Chatham reached for his cordial bottle, but missed it. Either he or his valet had placed it in another pocket. With all that great audience gazing and listening, the sudden consciousness that he would not be able to speak inflicted upon his intense pride such an unexpected blow, that he was prostrated. I think any orator will realize the feeling.

At some future occasion it is my purpose to publish a study of Chatham's great career. For the present, will only say that Lord Roseberry's book is profoundly interesting, and is a permanently valuable contribution to literature.

Lord Brougham gives the following, among other examples of Chatham's oratory, in his *"Historical Sketches of Statesmen:"*

"All the knowledge of the peculiar nature of his oratory rests upon a few scattered fragments. There is, however, some security for our deducing from these a correct notion of it, because they certainly, according to all accounts, were the portions of his discourse which produced the most extraordinary effect, on which its fame rests, and by which its quality is to be ascertained.

"His remark on confidence, when it was asked by the ministry in 1776, for whom he had some forbearance rather than any great respect, is well known. He said their characters were fair enough, and he was always glad to see such persons engaged in the public service; but, turning to them with a smile, very courteous, but not very respectful, he said, 'Confide in you? Oh, no; you must pardon me, gentlemen. Youth is the reason of credulity; confidence is a plant of slow growth in an aged bosom.'

"Some one, having spoken of the obstinacy of America, said 'that she was almost in open rebellion.' Mr. Pitt exclaimed, 'I rejoice that America has resisted. Three millions of people, so dead to all the feelings of liberty as voluntarily to let themselves be made slaves, would have been fit instruments to make slaves of all the rest! Then

speaking of the attempt to keep her down, 'In a just cause of quarrel you may crush America to atoms; but in this crying injustice (Stamp Act) I am one who will lift up my hands against it. In such a cause even your success would be hazardous. America, if she fell, would fall like the strong man; she would embrace the pillars of the state and pull down the Constitution along with her. Is this your boasted peace—to sheathe the sword, not in its scabbard, but in the bowels of your countrymen?

"'Those iron barons (for so I may call them when compared with the silken barons of modern days) were guardians of the people; and three words of their barbarous Latin, *millus liber homo,* are worth all the classics. Yet their virtues were never tried in a question so important as this, (the pretension of privilege in the House of Commons). A breach is made in the Constitution—the battlements are dismantled—the Citadel is open to the first invader—the walls totter—the place is no longer tenable. What, then, remains for us but to stand foremost in the breach, to repair it, or to perish in it? Unlimited power corrupts the possessor, and this I know, where law ends, there tyranny begins.'"

"There are other celebrated passages of his speeches in all men's mouths. His indignant and contemptuous answer to the Minister's boast of driving the Americans before the army—'I might as well think of driving them before me with this crutch!'—is well known. Perhaps the finest of them all is his allusion to the maxim of English law, that every man's house is his castle. 'The poorest man may in his cottage bid defiance to all the forces of the Crown. It may be frail—its roof may shake—the wind may blow through it—the storm may enter—the rain may enter—but the King of England cannot enter!—all his force dare not cross the threshold of the ruined tenement!'"

The Greatest of Women

TO every husband whose wife has made *his* a happy home, that wife is or should be, "The Greatest of Women."

And if he does not tell her so, while she is yet within the sound of his voice, he will some day weep scalding tears of unavailing regret.

God pity the man who makes the mistake of leaving it to his wife "to take it for granted" that he loves her as ardently as when he bent before her, a lover.

My boy, did you leave it to your sweetheart to "take things for granted" when you went a-courting? Did you not repeat and repeat, "I love you," until Mary's eyes grew bright with joy?

Why should married life enfeeble the happy relations that went before the plighting of faith at the altar?

Never leave off the gallantry of courtship days, my boy. In word, in look, in caressing touch, tell your wife—she who makes your home an

Eden into which no Serpent comes —that in your eyes and heart and soul, she is "the greatest of women."

One of the most melancholy spectacles that the history of literature presents is that of Thomas Carlyle —old, lonely, desolate, torn by the black wolves of remorse. He had given his life to the writing of books, and had neglected the little wife sitting, childless, in the life-boat by his side. Those were great books which he wrote; but what book was ever worth the price he paid? Whenever I lay my hands upon one of Carlyle's volumes, the picture presents itself of a saddened wife, chilled and fretted by sheer lack of notice and consideration; and of an old white-haired widower, wandering into the dismal cemetery behind the church, to fling himself upon his wife's grave and soak the cold ground with his bitter, remorseful, weeping Tears! Tears! Bitter, blistering tears; and wild cries of boundless grief, whose burden was *Too late! Too late!*

"The Greatest Woman in the World?" Why, every happy home claims her. And—listen to this, my boy—your home will be happy, if you will do your part.

I know nothing about the women of the alleged "Smart Set," and the "Four Hundred" and the High Society females who come so near to leaving off the clothes they ought to wear when they appear in public — but I claim to know something about plain, common women; and my deliberate opinion is that it is the men that make the homes unhappy, ninety-nine times out of a hundred.

Suppose your life were made to conform, in all respects, to what any decent, self-respecting girl had a right to expect when she married you—would you ever have Trouble to stalk in at the door and sit down at your fireside, a gloomy, unwelcome but unavoidable guest?

Did you ever hint to her, when you were courting her, that you held to one code of conduct for *her,* and quite another for yourself? One standard of right for *her,* and another for yourself?

Did you, yourself, once dream of not living up to the promises you made to get her?

No, you didn't.

You meant every word you said to her; but when the time came for practicing self-denial for her sake, and self-control for her sake, you didn't do it. You saw other men indulging themselves in this, that and the other; and you went and did the same things.

And you paid the penalty, my boy, even as they do.

No true, proud, self-respecting woman can put up with every thing. If you set a higher value upon a temporary indulgence of some weakness, or appetite, than upon the permanent happiness of your home, go right ahead, my boy, and have your "Good Time."

Your "good time" will not prove to be so very good, after all; and you will find Trouble, grim and constant, seated at your fireside, when you get back home.

No true, proud, self-respecting wife can be happy, when her husband degrades himself, and *her.*

And how can she make you happy, unless she is happy herself? Answer me that, my boy.

So, after all, it has come to this:

If you would have a happy home practise self-restraint, and keep up that Courtship which you found so effective in the winning of her heart and hand.

Then, when some of the Powers-that-be get to bragging on their noble wives, calling each of them, truthfully, "the greatest of women" —puff out your manly chest, with honest pride, and lay your arm around the neck of your wife, and say of the Sweetheart who has made your humble home happy, *happy, HAPPY*—"Here, likewise, is the greatest of women!"

As It Is, and As It May Be

I WAS very tired, for the work I had been doing was hard; and now that the room grew warm and the long task was finished, I fell asleep.

No one in the house had been awake but me, while I had for many hours gone over the dreary record of the poor, the patient poor, the suffering poor—God's unprovided poor. The hours had stolen by like slippered monks; and it was far into the night when the heaviness fell upon my eyes, and I was asleep.

Many a whirling fiction passed through my heated fancy, before there was order in my dream; but after awhile all was clear—cruelly, shockingly clear.

A world unfolded, spreading out like a map. Every grade and class and condition of human life was before me at once—with no mist before my eyes, and no distance to confuse the outline.

What I saw was this: A magnificent world of land and sea; of river and lake and forest and fertile field; mountains seamed with hidden wealth; valleys rich with grain.

To this world its Maker had given the name of *"A home for the human family."*

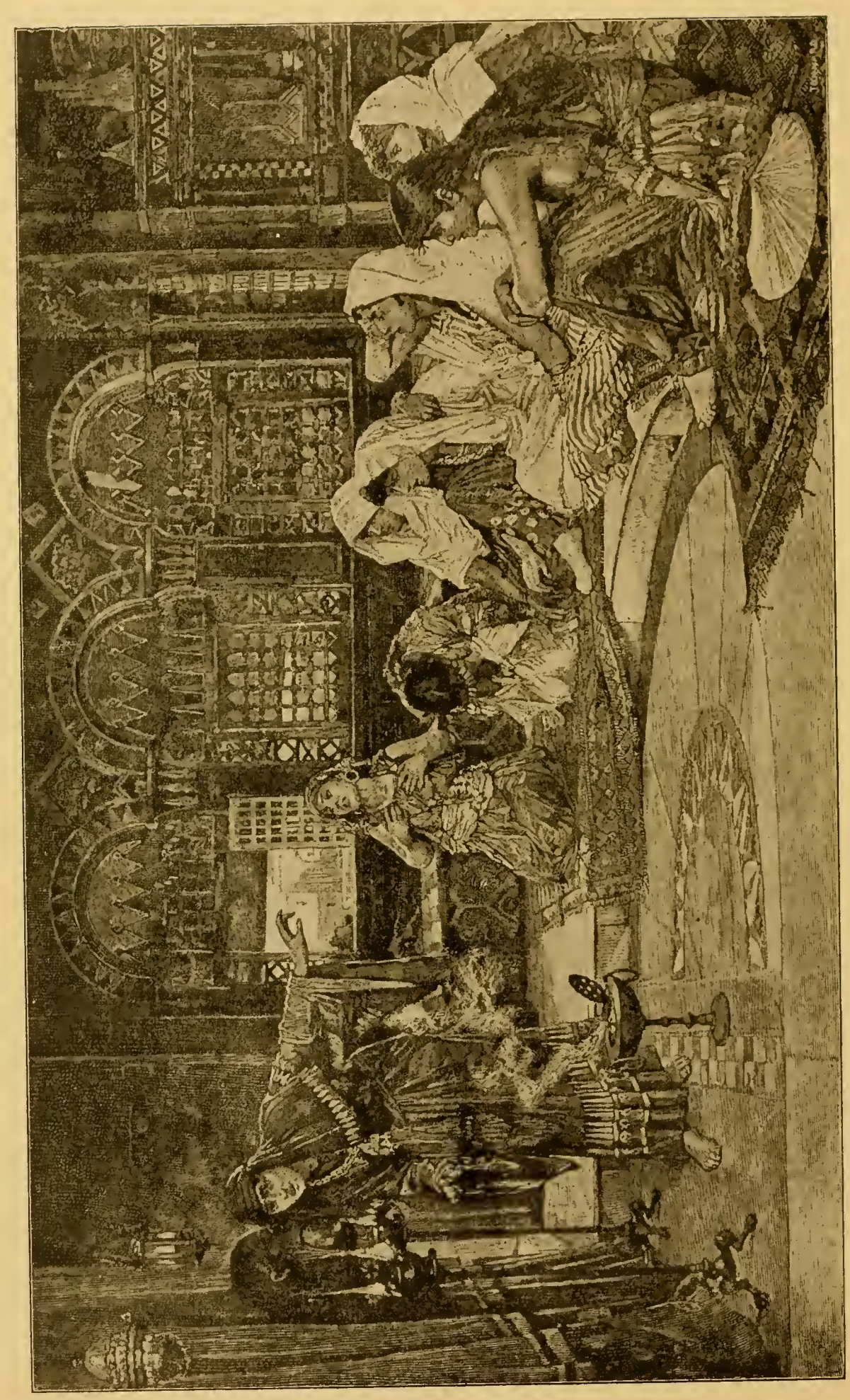
But the human family had grown very large. Its foot-prints were thick upon every stretch of solid ground, and its vessels moved upon all the waters of all the seas.

But the earth was no longer a family-home, and men were no longer brothers. With furious enmity, they hated each other. They worshipped God, but none of them regarded His law. They cried Peace, and loosed the dogs of war. They rose from prayer, and went to rifle-practice.

Churches flourished — so did crime. Schools flourished—so did ignorance. Charities flourished—and paupers died in the streets. I wondered what it all meant.

There was land enough for all. They said that God had made it for all. But the few had taken possession of mighty estates, and many had no homes. There was food enough for all: but a few had seized it, and one-third of the people had not enough to eat.

I tried to discover how the human family kept itself alive. I found it was by *Work.*



The Oracle Speaks

There were many kinds of work. Some labored to produce food for the world. Some labored to produce clothing. Some labored to make houses: others, to make deadly weapons. Some did no manual work at all, but were mental laborers, only. Some labored to teach the people the law of God; others to expound and enforce laws which men had made for themselves. Others still labored (or pretended to labor) to make just laws, by which God's will should be done in the affairs of men.

In my dreams I saw clearly a most singular thing—those whose work was most important to the world were paid less for their labor than anybody else. Those who merely amused the world got higher wages than those who fed and clothed it. Those who played and danced got higher pay than the man who built the house they played and danced in. Those who labored to amuse the idle, drew enormous salaries and were the pets of the powerful; while those who kept the powerful clothed and fed, often lacked food and clothing for themselves.

In my dream the cause of this cruel state of things became clear. Those who had made the law had so cunningly made it that the strong man was master of the weak. The strong man became the ruler, and out of the weak man's own produce gave him whatsoever he chose. This made the strong man stronger and the weak man weaker.

I thought I heard a great heart-breaking cry go up from those wronged producers of wealth; but their Task Masters heard it not—so deaf are they who will not hear.

I thought that now and then these workers and producers grew furious against their oppressors and rose up in revolt. But they were put down again—some shot and some imprisoned.

I thought that now and then *Leaders* rose among those suffering people and promised to go to the Great House of Council, *where the laws were made,* and to change these bad laws into good ones. But, either such Leaders were too few, or the strong men would take those Leaders aside into some safe and secret place and by unknown charms and persuasions entice those Leaders into forgetfulness of the miseries of the People.

So passed the first part of my dream—the Dream of Today—of *the world as it is.*

Like a vanishing landscape, I saw the great Palaces of the Rich and the wretched huts of the poor; the fine raiment of the one and the rags of the other; the well-spread tables of the one and the cold hearth and empty dish of the other. The factories went whirling into space—but through the windows I could see the pale, thin features of the children who toiled there. The mine opened one brief moment, and I could see the pitiful serf of the Coal King. The garret sped by, and it made the tears come to see the shivering needle-woman sewing there. The streets swam by, filled with their squalor, their hunger, their ceaseless vice and crime and suffering—and Christianity spoke in these streets through the mouth of the Policeman, and what she said to the ragged outcast was, "*Move on;*" what she said to the starving child was, "*Move on.*"

And it strangely got into my dream, somehow, that the cause of all the sorrow was that the Order of the world was *a mistake*—a dreadful misunderstanding. The *unnatural* had become the rule. A feverish haste had taken possession of mankind; and the race was madly run for things which men really did not need. One man *rushed* because another rushed, *cheated* because others cheated, *hoarded* because others hoarded, was cruel because he thought the same measure would be meted out to *him,* were situations reversed.

* * * * *

But the troubled nightmare passed, and I fell into the Dream of Tomorrow—a gorgeous Dream, a Spirit-lifting Dream,—of the world as it may be. I seemed to look upon the same world, but it was bathed in light, and filled with harmony.

The great rush and worry had passed away. The fever and the pain were gone. The vast machinery of production moved like stars, *"never resting, but never hasting."* There was room for all, and food for all. The Earth was dedicated anew as a Home for God's Children —its product their food. Religion burst out from the cold churches, and abode in the lives of men—that high Religion which loves mercy, does good, and seeks the Right.

Law was no longer frittered away among wrangling advocates and stupid Judges. She took her broad principles into the walks of life, and did *justice* between man and man. Technicality no longer manacled Truth; and a Judgment was no longer the trophy of the trickiest or strongest lawyer.

The Rulers of the People no longer scorned them, nor defrauded them with cunning laws and sharp practices. The People themselves now ruled, and the worker was no longer dependent. *Special Privilege* had been slain, and *Opportunity* was free for all.

There were no outcasts—for they all had homes. There were no beggars, for there was work and fair wages for all. None had much more than they needed—none had much less.

There was little crime, for its cause had been removed.

There was brotherhood among men, for the *motive* for rivalry and hatred had been taken away.

Wars had ceased. The killing of men had become horrible, whether singly or by thousands. A murderer was detested, whether he slew with a knife or a sword, with a pistol or with a cannon.

The hum of Peaceful industry was in the air. The melody of innocent laughter was in the streets. The song of the contented Reaper was in the field. Music was supreme —it was the harmony of healthy, happy life.

* * * * *

Why was *Tomorrow* so much brighter and better than *Today?* This question seemed to come to me in my dream.

And from somewhere, this reply seemed to be borne:

"Because the mistake of yesterday had been found and corrected. Because Injustice had been driven out of the Law; because favoritism in legislation had ceased; because the producer of wealth had secured fair treatment; because the cunning laws of the Task Master were all abolished; because there were a few

brave men all over the world who had solemnly sworn, before God, that *the old false order of things should die.*"

* * * * *

Out of the dim Past seemed to come voices:

One said: "*I gave my life to pleasure.* Wine was good and women were good and mirth was good. But youth passed—age came, and my heart was empty and sad."

Another voice said: "*I gave my life to war.* Cities I sacked, enemies I crushed; laurels have I won and worn. But the sword rusted in my land. The spiders weave 'twixt me and the sun. And in my ears as I grow old is the cry of the widowed wife and of the orphaned child."

And another voice said: "*I gave my life to my fellow man.* I pitied his misfortune. I championed his cause. I loved the friendless. I hated wrong, and fought tyranny wherever I found it. The work has been hard: the way, thorny. But now, as the evening comes, I fold my arms in contentment, and I fear not the approaching shades. The Master's touch is on my head, and I hear him say, '*Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, ye did it unto Me.*' "

Thus passed my dream. And I awoke, heavy at heart, for I knew that *Today* was as I had dreamed, and that *Tomorrow* might never come; that the World as it is and the World as it may be are as far apart as the real from the ideal.

Some of the Ways the Tariff Robs You

LET us take a few simple facts in regard to the Tariff and see how it reaches and injures the people. Suppose one of our wealthy citizens desires to buy one of the very superior automobiles that are made in France; let us suppose he selects a car which is sold in France for $2,000; how much will it cost him to bring it through one of our Custom-houses and use it in this country? The Tariff on automobiles being 50 per cent, he will have to pay $1,000 to get his machine through the Custom-house in Savannah, Brunswick, Baltimore or New York. He cannot bring the car into this country at all without passing it through one of our Custom-houses and paying that $1,000 Tariff duty. Consequently his $2,000 car has cost him $3,000 before he can use it in the United States.

Now, of course those American dealers who handle foreign automobiles have to pay the same amount of Custom-house duty and have to add it to the selling price of the car. Therefore, on every automobile of foreign make used in this country the owner has paid half again more than the same car would have cost him if he had bought it abroad.

Thus, a Frenchman in France will pay $1,000 for his car, and the American who uses exactly the same kind of machine will pay $1,500 for it here. Now, that looks like a pretty steep tax on the rich, doesn't it?

But see how much more the poor man has to pay; on blankets, for in-

stance, the tax is 165 per cent; consequently, when you buy blankets which, in England would cost you $10.00, you have to pay $26.50 for them on account of the $16.50 Custom-house duty which the importer had to pay before he could offer the goods for sale in the American market; therefore, on every $1,000 worth of blankets bought by our people, the Tariff tax is $1,650, and the entire cost $2,650.

So you see, on this necessary of life, the blanket, the people are made to pay more than three times as much as the richer classes have to pay on a luxury like the automobile.

Let us take another illustration: when the wealthier classes buy champagne, a foreign wine, which only the wealthier classes are able to afford, the Tariff tax is 37 per cent. Therefore, on a case of this foreign wine, worth, say $16 in France, a Custom-house duty of $5.92 has to be paid on it before it can be offered for sale here. Therefore, the same wine, which you can buy for $16 in France, will cost you $21.92 in the United States.

But suppose the goods imported consist of cheap overcoats—the only kind which tens of thousands of poor men can afford to purchase—what Custom-house duty is demanded and collected before the coats can be offered for sale in our market?

Two hundred and fifty per cent!

Now let us figure how that works and see how it hurts of working classes.

There are some cheap but heavy overcoats, consisting mainly of shoddy, and with the least possible amount of wool in them—and that of the poorest quality—which can be bought in one of our cities for $5.25.

The same coat can be purchased in England for $1.50. But inasmuch as the importer has to pay $3.75 for the privilege of bringing the coat through one of our Custom-houses, it cannot be sold for less than $5.25, although there is a profit in it in England at $1.50.

The same cheap overcoat which can be sold in England at $4 costs $14 in our market, for the simple reason that the Tariff tax of 250 per cent on the $4 amounts to $10, and the two together make $14.

The same discrimination against the common people prevails in all the schedules and affects four thousand articles which enter into our complex American life.

On the common clothing which people in moderate circumstances use, the Tariff tax ranges from 50 per cent to 137 per cent; the net result is that we pay two prices for every article of ordinary clothing. The suit which can be bought in England for $15 can't be touched in this country for less than $35; the best Rogers pocket-knife can be bought in England for 18 cents; the same knife will cost you at least $1, if not $1.50 in this country.

To show you that these American prices are made by the Tariff and are extortionate, the manufacturers ship their goods to foreign countries, paying freight and other charges, and sell them in foreign markets in competition with foreign manufacturers.

This, of course, means that they sell them very much cheaper abroad than we can buy them at home.

A sewing machine which, in this country cost $30 or $40, is sold in

foreign countries by the American manufacturers for $17.

The Harvester Trust sells all kinds of plantation machinery and implements at a much lower price in foreign countries than they will sell them for in the United States, yet they admit there is a profit at the lower price made to foreigners.

This will give you a vivid idea of how the Tariff enables the American manufacturer to rob his fellow-countrymen.

The Steel Trust secured the contracts for the Manchurian Railway material by underbidding the English manufacturers, yet it has not denied that there was a profit to the Trust on the contract. Don't let this fact cause you to weep for the American railroads; they didn't lose the money when they paid those higher prices for steel rails and other materials. The common people who pay passenger rates and who are the final payers of freight rates, had to bear the burden of the higher prices charged by the Steel Trust to the American Railways—for our fool courts have decided that the railroads are entitled to net profits over and above expenses, no matter how extravagant. Therefore, while the Steel Trust victimized the railroads, the railroads passed it on to the patient public in freight and passenger rates.

Consider the Beef Trust, if you please: there being a high tariff on all kinds of meats the foreigner has to climb over the wall before he can compete, consequently monopoly is born. The American packers combine, fix the prices and the people have to pay, or starve. There being no Tariff on meats in England, the American packer sends his product to the London market and sells steaks and roasts for much less than he charges in New York and Chicago. Yet there must be a profit in those lower prices charged by the Beef Trust in the London market, else there would be no motive for shipping the meats across the ocean. The fact that there is a profit in those lower prices made in the foreign market indicates the enormity of the crime against humanity in those higher prices charged in the American market.

The newspapers announce that an American syndicate with $5,000,000 to back it has opened establishments in London to sell dry-goods to the English in competition with the English mills. There is no Tariff duty to be paid by the American when he carries his dry-goods into Great Britain for sale.

But when the Englishman enters his dry-goods in the American market he has to pay at least sixty cents on the dollar (value of the goods) for the privilege of selling them here. Now, if the American can pay freight on his goods across the ocean and undersell the British spinner in his home market, and do so at a profit, can't you realize what a monstrous thing it is to compel the Englishman to pay such a high price for the privilege of competing with the American manufacturer in the American market? Inasmuch as this Tariff duty causes the Englishman to add it to the price of his goods; and inasmuch as the higher price which the Englishman is compelled to charge enables the American manufacturer to run his own price up to practically the same thing, can't you see how terribly you are burdened by this infernal system which taxes all for the benefit of the few?

After Awhile, Dear

After awhile, dear, the race will be ended;
The predestined work will be done,
The fever of living will be over, for aye,
After awhile.

After awhile, dear, comes rest for the weary;
The unbidden tears will be dried.
The wounds will quit bleeding and giving us pain
After awhile.

After awhile, dear, all doubts will forsake us;
Misgivings and fears will depart.
The cares and crosses will cease to afflict us
After awhile.

After awhile, dear, the skies will be clearing;
The sorrows that linger will leave.
The evening will come with splendor and calm
After awhile.

After awhile, dear, the voyage is finished;
The vessel at anchor will ride.
Serenely in port, we'll be happy at last
After awhile.

After awhile, dear, the sting of misfortune
Will lose all its venomous force.
Disappointment will mock and torment us no more
After awhile.

After awhile, dear, we will not say "Good-bye!"
Loving spirits will not meet to part.
We'll not mourn the absent and lost ones as now
After awhile.

After awhile, dear, we'll not dread Tomorrow;
The dead past will bury its dead.
It will all come right—our worries forgot
After awhile.

After awhile, dear, the sleep will be sweeter;
No thorns in the pillow will pierce.
We'll not wake at night to mourn and to sob
After awhile.

After awhile, dear, the riderless charger
Will be fleeing the stricken field.
The warrior comes back on his shield from the fight
After awhile.

After awhile, dear, they'll learn the long struggle
To make myself useful and great,
How lofty the dreams—they will know it full well
After awhile.

After awhile, dear, they will know my endeavor;
They will see the great purpose and plan,
The nobleness of it be acknowledged, and praised
After awhile.

After awhile, dear, there'll be roses and lilies;
In the place of the bitter herb.
The box alabaster of ointment they'll break
After awhile.

L'ENVOI:

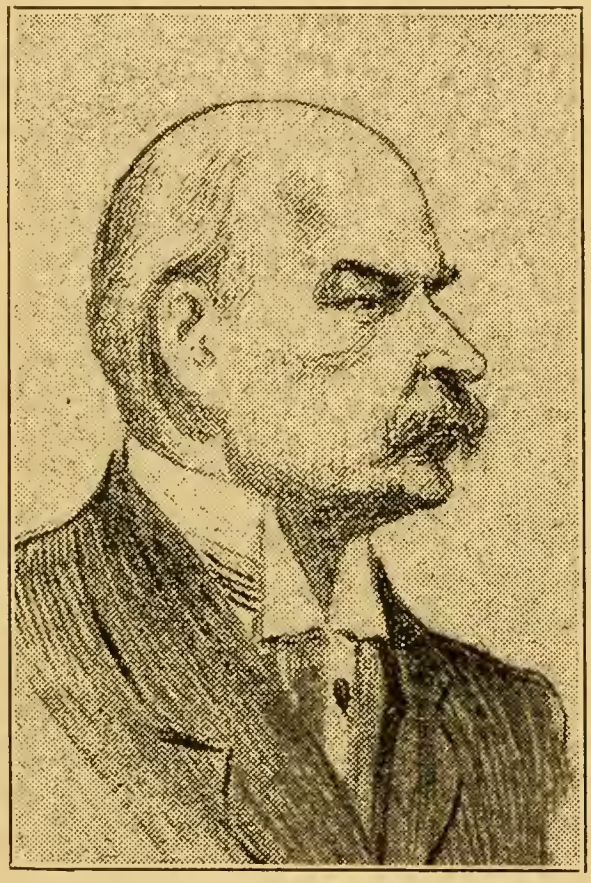
The soldier's honored after he's dead!
The prophet in lands not his own.
The statesman dies, and his fame is
The light that shines on his grave.

—T. E. W.

The Real Significance of J. P. Morgan

W. H. Allen

EVER since he organized the United State Steel Corporation, J. P. Morgan has loomed up as the world's greatest financier. But in actual value this one transaction seems small when compared with his later transactions. Reports now credit him with controlling interests in railroads, steamships, mines, mining lands, industrial plants, banks, and trust and insurance companies having an approximate value of $10,000,000,000.



J. Pierpont Morgan

From the numerous sketches written of the great financier, we know of his early history, his love of art, bric-a-brac, yachts, dogs, etc., etc., but there is one peculiarity about him upon which the full light of publicity has never yet been shown.

"A few years ago," says Russell Winslow, "there came into common usage the term *Morganized.* Some one had happily coined it and it seemed to be a philological necessity at a time when Mr. Morgan was imprinting his genius for organization upon nearly every important industry in the land. Europe sighed at the American conquest and asked if this Colossus with one foot in Wall Street and the other in Capel Court would buy out the entire British Empire?"

In this description, as in every other one that I have read, it is assumed that practically all the money which Morgan is using in his numerous ventures belongs to real American investors. But that is a false assumption. The great bulk of his money really belongs to foreign, mostly British, investors. This "Colossus, with one foot in Wall Street and the other in Capel Court," (Capel Court being in London, please remember) is merely the agent and representative of foreign capitalists. And for nearly fifty years he has never been anything else.

When Morgan was very young his father, J. S. Morgan, went to London as partner with George Peabody, the banker, who did an extensive business with English investors in American securities. Upon Peabody's death the elder Morgan became head of the firm; while J. P. remained here as agent of the house and gained much experience in placing English capital in our government bonds and railroad securities. His father's death made our Colossus the head of the firm, and the New York house became the center of influence. The present chain of international banking houses, composed of J. P. Morgan & Co., New York; Drexel & Co., Philadelphia; J. S. Morgan, London; Morgan, Harges & Co., Paris; and the Morgan connection with the Dresdner Bank of Berlin, commands

more capital than any other group in existence. The essential fact to note here is that the main business of every one of these houses is international in its scope.

One of Morgan's deals was the sale of $30,000,000 New York Central bonds. He placed them in London. Writing of him in the Brooklyn *Eagle*, W. C. Hudson has this to say: "He sits in boards of directors of the various railway companies controlled by the Vanderbilt group, not for the purpose of observation, but as the financial agent of the Vanderbilt interests, and the *representative of foreign investments.*"

This describes Morgan exactly. He is the "financial agent and *representative of foreign investments*" in every undertaking with which his name is identified.

When he rescued the Erie Railroad from Fiske and Gould, it was for English investors that he acted. When he formed the syndicate to float $200,000,000 worth of Government bonds during the Hayes administration, it was to English investors that he sold them. During Cleveland's administration, when the foreign demand for gold threatened to drain the Treasury, it was the same financial agent of British capital that sold Government bonds abroad to offset this demand. In fact, every big issue of securities that Morgan has ever handled, every American property that he has ever gobbled up, has been sold to English or other foreign investors. There is no record of his ever having financed a solitary large undertaking with mostly real American capital.

After the panic of 1893, when many railroads went into receivers' hands, Morgan bought them in and reorganized them; and these he still controls. When he had acquired the coal roads of Pennsylvania, his next move was to buy up the coal mines, and to form the Steel Trust.

In all these properties he acquired a majority or controlling interest with foreign capital. In the Steel Trust, for instance, the American partners, like Frick, Gary, Schwab and others, have only a minority interest.

Perhaps the most striking proof of what the great promoter stands for was the placing of $25,000,000 insurance on his life by British investors just after the Steel Trust had been formed. English investors have insured the lives of other big men whose death might affect the value of their holdings, but never before did they place one-fifth of this amount on the life of any one man.

Although financial writers persist in regarding Morgan as a representative of real American capital, they are continually giving out statements which justify a contrary belief. Here are a few: "One reason, perhaps, of the successful wielding of capital here in the consolidation of great industrial interests has been the cessation of speculation in Europe. There is every reason to believe that much foreign capital has been used in the great operations of J. P. Morgan." (*Bankers' Magazine*, July, 1902). "London again was a large buyer, houses close to J. P. Morgan being among the chief purchasers." (New York *Times*, September 5, 1902.)

During the crisis of 1907 Morgan seemed to have more power to bring gold from abroad than all the other foreign banking houses put together. It was his purchases of New York City bonds ($30,000,000, October 25) that brought that much foreign gold here. According to the *Journal of Commerce*, October 25, "it was foreign aid and purchases of stock through Morgan that did most to hold up the market."

The formation of the Shipping Trust in 1902 was much exploited at the time as proof that American capitalists were rapidly acquiring the earth. According to hilarious press-touts the decline of American shipping, which had been going on for fifty years, was now at an end; and the stars and stripes floating

at the mastheads of vessels would soon be a familiar sight in every harbor of the world. This notion was encouraged by stories put out on the other side and circulated here. Referring to the personnel of the new trust, W. J. Pirrie, of the English shipping firm of Harland & Wolf, made this statement: "Naturally, as fresh capital is more likely to be raised in America than in England, due weight must be given to American opinion." When the organization had been completed, the London *Times* published this semi-official statement: "It will be noted that the board of directors is composed of eight Americans and five Englishmen. The preponderance of Americans is understood to be due to the fact that the greater part of the capital was subscribed by American financiers."

It seems astonishing that England's most influential newspaper should have allowed itself to be imposed upon in this matter, but our New York newspapers, like the *Wall Street Journal* and the *Journal of Commerce*, were just as gullible. That there was no American available for such an investment at that time is clearly proved by the statement of Charles Schumacher, the foreign exchange expert, that in June, 1902 we were borrowing $500,000,000 from foreign bankers. Never before had we piled up such a temporary debt abroad. And the curious part of it was that Mr. Morgan has always been credited with having done most of this borrowing.

The fact is that every one of the alleged American capitalists in this venture was a partner of Morgan, except Clement A. Griscom, the president, and he was soon after superseded by J. Bruce Ismay, a leading English shipowner. Another fact is that every one of the business meetings of this combine has been held in London.

Those who read the London *Times*' quasi indorsement of this fake must have rubbed their eyes when they afterward saw the following statement of a well known Austrian jurisconsult to the Vienna correspondent of the same paper of June 9, 1902. Referring to this combine he said:

"It will be a matter of small interest to thinking Americans if a group of capitalists who happen to live in New York, rather than in London, obtain control of the great engines of commerce, and are able to exercise arbitrary power for their own profit, not only in the United States, but also abroad. Though the public may be deceived for a short time by such movements being **labeled American**, they will realize eventually that there is a point beyond which individual power and influence cannot be permitted to take root in the republic."

A still plainer statement of the matter appeared in the Philadelphia *Nautical Gazette*. In June, 1903, it published a summary of the facts about the combine, and concluded as follows:

"Those seeking to build up American shipping in the foreign trade surely have enough load to carry without having Mr. Morgan and his **British shipping, his British agreements, and his British interests** saddled upon their backs, and made to appear as solving the American shipping problem. His legitimate operations are not discussed here for any purpose of criticism, but merely to make clear the fact that his **shipping merger is almost, if not entirely, a British business enterprise, no doubt profitable to its owners, but anything but helpful to American shipping interests.**"

It is proper to remark here that these two statements fully confirmed my view of this ship merger, as set forth in the Philadelphia *Times*, February, 1902, and the *Bankers' Magazine* (New York), July, 1902.

The floating of those foreign bonds here was just as much of a fake as the ship merger. When Morgan floated the two lots of British bonds here in 1900 and 1901, and Wall street press-touts claimed that it showed that Europe was hard up, and that we had a surplus of capital to spare for such investments. Hence arose the cry that we were

changing from a debtor to a creditor nation. The absurdity of this claim was shown when the Paris corrdespondent of the *Evening Post*, May 22, 1901, made the startling announcement that at that time our bankers were borrowing large sums abroad. It came out later that most of this debt, which then approximated $250,000,000, had been incurred at the very time that Morgan was investing his alleged American capital in these low-priced foreign bonds.

Of all the other foreign bonds floated since 1901, it can be said that not a dollar of real American capital ever went into them, excepting the few German bonds that our insurance companies had to take in order to enable them to do business in Germany. The other bonds sold here were taken by alien laborers temporarily residing in the United States. Besides all this, the bare fact that in every year since 1899 we have borrowed such large sums abroad is proof positive that we had no surplus of real American capital to invest in low-priced foreign bonds. Therefore it must have been foreign capital that Morgan bought them with.

A word of explanation of all this borrowing. Before the panic of 1907, the current Wall Street theory was that the big financiers were borrowing abroad to carry on certain speculations. But this explains only a very small part of it. The bulk of the borrowing has been necessary to stave off gold exports in settlement of our annual foreign debts for interest due, immigrants' hoards, tourists' expenses, and ocean freights. In 1902 Frank A. Vanderlip, then vice president of the National City Bank, placed these debts at $250,000,000. With trade balances of $500,000,000 this should have left us a yearly surplus of $250,000,000. It was this alleged surplus that Morgan was supposed to be using in his numerous ventures. But financial experts have had their eyes opened since 1902, and the estimate of these debts has been successively raised from about $500,000,000 in 1908 to over $900,000,000 in 1910. This highest estimate was put forth by Jos. T. Talbert, now vice president of the National City Bank in his address at the Texas Bankers' Convention (May, 1910).

According to this showing, so far from having a surplus of $250,000,000, we have been piling up a huge deficit ever year; and it is to avert gold exports in settlement of this deficit that we have been doing nearly all this borrowing since 1899.

We had to do more of this left-handed buisness in 1910 than in any former year. This was chiefly because of the great falling off of our trade balance to $187,000,000, the lowest since 1896, and $479,000,000 smaller than our balance of 1908.

And yet at this very time when our money situation was so serious, the Morgan subscription to the Chinese loan was loudly paraded as another conquest of American capital. It seems that this subscription was rejected at first, but our Government was appealed to and made to believe that here was a chance to make the entering wedge. So Secretary Knox, having firm belief in our financial resources, boldly announces his policy to be to "plant the American dollar in the Orient, with the American man behind it, and the American Government behind both." His frequent reference during the negotiations to "American bankers," "American capital," and "American syndicates" leaves no room for doubt that he believed that Morgan was putting the money of real American investors into the loan.

Now, in the first place, a glance at the names of those who were reported as conducting the negotiations for the American syndicate should have opened his eyes. Here they are: Henry P. Davison, partner of Morgan; E. C. Genfell, London partner of Morgan,

and a director in the Bank of England (a position which he could not hold unless he was an English banker); Herman Harges, Jr., of Morgan & Harges, Paris; W. D. Straight, partner of Morgan; and Paul M. Warburg, of Kuhn, Loeb & Co. It is safe to say that not one of these men ever put 51 per cent of real American capital into any of the transactions which they financed.

Kuhn, Loeb & Co., Warburg's firm, is, next to Morgan's, the largest foreign banking concern in the United States. They are connected with the Deutsche Bank of Berlin and other financial institutions abroad.

Furthermore, the money situation as revealed in the market reports during the year that the loan was being discussed, affords a pretty clear understanding as to who put up the money. On August 14, 1909, the New York *Evening Post* placed our borrowings from London alone at $400,000,000. September 17th this paper said: "On a scale never before practised, large stock exchange houses have this year borrowed abroad." October 16th the *Post's* London correspondent reports that "The view is expressed on all sides that your debt to Europe on finance bills is as great as it was in 1907, if not actually greater."

What made matters so much worse in the early part of 1910 was that our bankers had to take up $300,000,000 worth of short-term notes sold abroad in 1907. It was hoped that 1910 would find us able to pay them off with our merchandise exports. But the decline in these exports to the lowest in fourteen years found us worse off than ever before. We had to get the notes renewed. *The National City Bank Bulletin* (March 11) placed our borrowings in the previous eight weeks at from $150,000,000 to $250,000,000.

A peculiar feature of this business in 1910 is that about every one admits that it was mainly to check gold exports in settlement of these foreign debts; whereas formerly Wall Street writers insisted that it was to help certain big bankers to carry on their huge schemes, etc., etc. These items explain enough:

> "Your market is meantime making vigorous efforts to avert gold exports by selling short term notes, shares and bonds in this market." (Post's London Cor., March 5, 1910.)
>
> "Only the buying of American securities by foreign investors has prevented the diversion of gold from this country." (Brooklyn Eagle, March 20.)

Referring to certain features of the Morgan combines, Frederick Boyd Stevenson makes this statement:

> "It will be seen, therefore, that the whole tendency of the system is concentration. The great central power of this concentration is the bank."

In this attempt to trace the growth of the combination, Mr. Stevenson, like every other Morgan biographer, entirely overlooks the chief factor in the matter; namely, the origin of the resources of this bank which finances all the various deals. He leaves it to be inferred that these resources are furnished by American capitalists. Such an inference might have seemed reasonable a few years ago, when Wall Street experts etsimated our annual foreign debts at only $250,000,000, leaving us a surplus of that amount from our foreign trade balances, which were then averaging $500,000,000 a year. But now that it is openly admitted by high financial authorities that these foreign debts approximate $900,000,000, and that we have in consequence been running into debt to foreigners at the rate of from $200,000,000 to $700,000,000 every year, it is very evident that the resources of this bank were not furnished by American capitalists. They were furnished by foreign capitalists who got them in part settlement of these foreign debts.

Last year, as already noted, the great falling off in our favorable trade balance to $187,000,000 left us over $700,-

000,000 short of meeting these debts. This means that that amount of our gold passed over to the control of foreign capitalists during these twelve months; $100,000,000 of this amount was exported to Europe when it was due, and the remaining $600,000,000 was reloaned here; or rather, we borrowed it to prevent the export of that much more gold. Ultimately, this huge sum will be permanently invested in railroad and industrial securities, in mines and mining lands, and in stocks of banks, trust, and insurance companies.

Here, then, is the origin of the resources of this bank, which Mr. Stevenson says is "the great central power of this concentration." Practically every dollar in its vaults has been received in settlement of these foreign debts.

It is not to be understood that Morgan represents all of the foreign capital which is invested in this market. Of the $10,000,000,000 under his control, it is safe to say that from 60 to 70 per cent belongs to foreign, mostly British, investors; while the balance may belong to American investors. But there is also a great deal of other foreign capital, Dutch, German, French and Canadian, that is more or less under the control of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., Speyer & Co., J. & W. Seligman, August Belmont and other foreign bankers in New York. Nevertheless, Morgan always seems to have the greatest command of ready cash. When the supply in his own bank gives out, he can draw more from England, and when that gives out, as it did in 1907, he can, through his British partners, command gold from France and other countries.

It is for this reason that the big promoter has come to be known as a power in the international money market. At the same time, by his extensive purchases of stock of banks, trust, and insurance companies, he is still more powerful in the home money market. He is Boss here; and his grip seems to be growing stronger all the time. On this point Mr. Stevenson further says:

"Mr. Morgan, by his recent merger, has accordingly placed himself at the head of the greatest power in control of all the great powers of wealth. It was said a few years ago that eight men virtually controlled the bulk of the banking resources of cash and credit in the country. Today one man is fast getting that power into his hands."

This is a sufficiently impressive statement as it stands. But it would be much more impressive if it included recognition of the fact that behind this "one man" there looms up the portentous figure of J. Bull, Capitalist.

It is this individual who, by right of purchase, has "placed himself at the head of the greatest power in control of all the great powers of wealth in the country." It is this individual who, by right of purchase, has become the coal king, the steel king, the railroad king, and the money king of the United States. J. P. Morgan is merely his buyer and representative.

Morgan's eulogists are fond of telling us that he is a national product of this new age of evolution and progress; and that his great business genius and financial operations are the most potent factors in promoting further progress and higher development.

Bosh! He is largely the natural product of causes that are as old as the hills. But these causes never yet made for progress or higher development.

Let any money lender go into a community where, from government exactions, crop failures, or general extravagance, the people are always running behind, so that they have to pawn their belongings to this money lender to make ends meet, and it is only a question of time when he will own everything in sight.

Now, the evolution of Morgan from an ordinary promoting banker to the world's greatest financier results from precisely the same causes. His rise is the rise of the money "shark" pure and simple. Through the folly and extravagance of its people, this country has been running behind to the extent of

hundreds of millions every year; and, as already explained, Morgan and other foreign bankers sold or pawned all these securities abroad in order to avert gold exports in settlement of the deficit. Last (fiscal) year we ran behind $700,000,000. This means that in one year foreign money lenders enlarged their grip on our railroads, industrial plants and banks by $700,000,000. And our great financier was, as usual, one of the chief go-betweens in the deals.

Referring to the economic effect of Morgan's acquisitions, Frederick Boyd Stevenson says:

"That, upon unprejudiced analysis, it can be shown he has been of inestimable benefit to the financial development of his country, there is no doubt. As the leading exponent of concentration of capital, he stands out as a historic character in an economic evolution of tremendous power. Nearly all economists admit that this evolution has developed more wealth in America in the last quarter of a century than in the preceding years since Columbus first put foot on our soil."

More bosh! Does anybody believe that by thus handing over to the control of other countries a good part of this $700,000,000 worth of our properties last year Morgan was of inestimable benefit to the financial development of this country? Is the prodigal benefitted by handing over his property to money "sharks" year after year in settlement of his debts?

It is not, however, the economics of Mr. Morgan that I am discussing—only the facts. The fact that most of the wealth he controls really belongs to foreigners; and that this concentration of wealth in his hands is the result of these annual foreign debts.

It is worthy of note here that alien ownership on so vast a scale is not tolerated by other countries. No other country of first rate importance allows its great lines of transportation, its largest industrial plants for the production of military supplies, or its largest banks, to be owned by aliens.

Perhaps when the American people come to understand the real significance of Mr. Morgan—what this concentration of American resources under his control means—they may conclude that the doctrine of *laissez-faire* has its limitations, and that there are some old country precedents that are worth following.

Magic Moonlight

Roy Temple House

A ray of moonlight on my pillow lies,
And sweetly gliding through the evening gloom,
Comes like a loving hand to still the sighs
And calm the sobs that troubled the dark room.
The world without is silent as the tomb,
But the dim portraits open friendly eyes,
And long-dead wishes breathe a new perfume,—
A ray of moonlight on my pillow lies.

Church Union

John Potts

THE progress of a nation depends largely upon its material prosperity; its happiness, upon its religion and education. What is true of the nation is true of its individuals. Primarily, it is the purpose of a civilized nation to encourage the development of these three necessities of life, for a person who does not desire some one or all of the three is rarely met. This is an age of materialism—likewise an age of education. Religion alone struggles—not for existence, but for an opportunity to grow and manifest itself.

Each thinking man has, or thinks he has, a reason for the apathy commonly felt and expressed toward organized religion. The fault of this apathy is almost always objective and rarely is it subjective. The individual seldom takes any blame upon himself. It is the fault of his church—or more especially, the fault of somebody's else church.

Men who are taking an interest in religious work are coming to believe there is a great loss of energy and money and that religious effort is dissipated because of there being too many creeds and cults, all of which call for separate church buildings and leaders. Of this there can be no doubt, especially in country towns.

The past few months has seen renewed interest in the subject of church union. The General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal church, while in session in Cincinnati during October, again took the initiative steps in calling together a conference of all the Christian cults for a discussion of church unit. The time is now opportune for advancement and closer union. Men and women are giving up fanatical adherence to theological dogmas. Time was when most Protestants looked upon the Bible as did Opie Read's character, Old Lim Jucklin, who said he "believed her from kivver to kivver." It has been said that in the sixteenth century part of the religious world gave up an infallible pope and took instead an infallible book as a religious guide, and even now many men and women who have not had the advantages of higher education feel a dependency in religious matters, hence it is a comfort to them to have something upon which to depend. Some take a priest, some, a book. However, education is so general that religious props are not as essential as formerly—indeed, great numbers of men and women give both the Bible and priesthood their proper values, while a few are prone to undervalue each. When an institution is given its proper value, men agree; if given an improper value, they disagree —sometimes with violence. If opinions be solicited on the merits of the Golden Rule from a Baptist, a Unitarian, an Episcopalian, a Roman Catholic, and a Presbyterian, the opinions will not vary greatly. Ask them who Jesus was, and opinions will vary; ask them what a Christian is, and each will give a different answer.

The religious belief of every person is the result of two things—his education and his experience. That is the reason Murphy is a Roman Catholic, Campbell a Presbyterian, and Jones a Methodist. It is obvious that inasmuch as no two persons have the same education and experience, they cannot have the same definite dogmatic belief, though there may be sufficient likemindedness to enable them to feel at ease in the same church.

If there is to be church union, there must first be a campaign of education. The laity and clergy alike must be able to see not only the good features in other cults, but the bad features in their

own. When the matter is discussel in convention, through the press and elsewhere, the patronizing "come-unto-me" attitude must be set aside and a real "Let's-get-together" spirit adopted instead.

The Christian cults may be classified as emotional, rational and ritualistic and though no cult is entirely emotional, rational or ritualistic yet because of their predominating features, they may be so classified. All three features are found in each cult, but one feature will be emphasized, as one of them is now emphasized in each person's religious life.

Ritualism is an aesthetic fact and a thing of considerable importance, whether used in church or lodge. Because of the numerous fraternities now extant, the public has been educated in matters of ritual to a degree that was unheard of fifty years ago. One of the most important religious facts that the Protestant Episcopal church uses is its ritual, and if the Protestant Episcopal church has anything of value to offer in church union, that other Protestant churches have not, it is ritualism. From some of her pulpits and through some of her periodicals she magnifies the value of her Apostolic Succession, but while most of us within her fold acknowledge an element of truth in her historic episcopate, we admit it takes a strenuous stretch of imagination to see any good in it.

Emotion is almost universal in the religious life of men. A study of denominational growth shows that those denominations which deal largely with emotions have made the most rapid growth. Methodism in America has in two hundred and twenty-five years made six times the growth that the Episcopal church has in three hundred years and the quality produced is equally as good. The church militant needs emotionalism, enthusiasm—Methodism.

And rationalism must control. It is the check that prevents extremes and is the foundation upon which religious activity is built. Without it many men and women will continue to ignore the church's efforts and Christianity will lose the good influence of thousands of Nature's brightest and best. With it the vision is clearer and we see union, strength, and harmony. Phillips Brooks, Moody and Theodore Parker are but three different rays from the same light. Each illuminates the dark places in our progress: each one leads us to the same goal.

Bigotry and narrowness and sectionalism are the result of ignorance of spiritual growth. Each spiritual organism needs its own particular kind of spiritual food and to force upon any one the wrong kind of spiritual food will necessarily prevent his religious growth, or, perhaps what is worse, turn him against organized religious activity.

How Small-Pox Was Banished From Leicester

J. W. Hodge

(In Twentieth Century Magazine for January)

A STEREOTYPED assertion which is in frequent requisition with doctors addicted to the vaccine practice and its emoluments is that "vaccination prevents small-pox; nothing else does." In the following pages I propose to prove that both these assertions falsify the facts.

The assertion that vaccination prevents small-pox is an assumption; that small-pox has been prevented without resort to vaccination is a fact. That small-pox can be readily and effectively controlled and its spread in a populous municipality prevented without recourse to "preventive" vaccination has been clearly and repeatedly demonstrated on a large scale for a long period of time in the town of Leicester, England.

The big manufacturing town of Leicester, with her resident population of 250,000 denizens, affords most conclusive proof of the utter uselessness and the actual perniciousness of so-called "protective" vaccination.

The experience of Leicester has furnished evidence so convincing and so conclusive against vaccination that vaccinating doctors, health board officials and vaccine manufacturers carefully avoid dealing with it except to prophesy evils for Leicester which have never come to pass.

Before me are the official government records of this big manufacturing town, which show that from 1853 down to the year 1872, Leicester was one of the most completely vaccinated towns in the British Kingdom, the number of vaccinations, owing to the alarm that severe epidemics of small-pox, having several times exceeded the number of recorded births. During the years which immediately preceded the year 1871, ninety-five per cent of the births in Leicester were officially recorded as having been satisfactorily vaccinated. Yet in 1871, when at the very height of her good vaccination record, Leicester was attacked by an extremely severe epidemic of small-pox, the deaths from this disease during that year numbering more than 3,500 per million of population, or about a thousand per million more than the small-pox mortality in unsanitary London during the same epidemic. If ever a crucial test-experiment existed it was that of Leicester, in which an almost completely vaccinated community sucered far more from small-pox than did poorly vaccinated and terribly unsanitary London with her crowded slum population.

The fearful mortality from small-pox in completely vaccinated and presumably well "protected" Leicester during the years 1871-2 had the effect of destroying the people's faith in "protective" vaccination. The result was that poor and rich alike, the toilers, the aristocrats and the municipal authorities, began to refuse vaccination for their children and themselves. This refusal continued until 1890, when, instead of ninety-five per cent, the vaccination reached only about five per cent of the total births. As evidence of the rapidity with which vaccination fell off, it may be stated that of the children born in Leicester during the eight years ending in 1895, only three per cent were vaccinated, as is shown by the official records. As this ominous decrease of vaccination went steadily on despite the compulsory vaccination acts, the pro-vaccinists gravely prophesied again and again that once small-pox contagion gained entrance to this unvaccinated municipality with its great mass of "highly inflammable material," the "dread disease" would spread through

the town like wild-fire on a prairie and would surely "decimate" the population. But alas for medical prescience and professional wisdom. The dire predictions of the boomers of Dr. Jenner's quack nostrum failed of fulfillment.

Small-pox has been introduced into unvaccinated Leicester again and again, but it has never spread beyond a few mild cases, and from the day she abandoned vaccination to this, no other town in the British Kingdom, of approximately equal population, has had so low a mortality from small-pox as has this almost completely unvaccinated and, as the pollutionists contend, "unprotected" population. From the time at which vaccination was first abandoned to the present, the annual death-rate from all causes in Leicester has fallen from about twenty per thousand in the five years ending in 1875, to about fourteen per thousand in the five year sending in 1906.

The official Report on the Health of Leicester for 1909 gives the general death-rate for that year as 12.9.

The very high standard of public health attained by unvaccinated Leicester since her "declaration of independence," and the failure of small-pox when introduced into the borough by unvaccinated tramps to make any serious headway among the unvaccinated denizens, together with the extreme mildness of the few cases of small-pox which did occur among the unvaccinated, proved to a demonstration the utter uselessness of vaccination as a preventive of small-pox.

Although, as heretofore stated, it has been for many years predicted by the vaccine hypothesists that the introduction of a case or two of small-pox into unvaccinated Leicester would operate like "a spark in a powder magazine" and an overwhelming calamity would be the inevitable result, experience has completely falsified all these ominous predictions and entirely upset the Jennerian theory that small-pox is especially dangerous to the unvaccinated. Surely the experience of unvaccinated Leicester has clearly demonstrated that vaccination, if it does anything at all, increases liability to small-pox and renders it nearer fatal, and that the only effective plan by which to abolish the "dread disease" (small-pox) from a municipality is to do as Leicester did; that is, abandon vaccination and devote attention and energy to sanitation and to the isolation of such few cases of small-pox as are wont to occur in the absence of "preventive" vaccination. The happy experience of this great and populous borough in its dealings with small-pox during the past thirty-eight years should be all-sufficient to carry the conviction to any logical and unbiassed mind that "preventive" vaccination is an absurd, senseless, futile and pernicious process. Yet, strange to tell, this wonderfully clear and conclusive test experiment, which proved beyond peradventure the utter uselessness and worse than uselessness of vaccine inoculation as a prophylactic measure against small-pox infection, goes unheeded and ignored by the self-serving partisans of the Jennerian doctrine, who as a class seem to be either phenomenally stupid and grossly ignorant, or else wilfully blind to the true history of the effects of vaccination. Any doctor addicted to the vaccine practice who has not studied these decisive statistics on this subject of vital importance to the whole human race is guilty of culpable negligence and is not entitled to hold an opinion on the subject of vaccination. Any candidate for election to a state legislature who has not devoted the necessary time required for the careful study of the cases of Leicester and Japan, but is ready to vote for coercive legislation for the enforcement of this disease-transmitting practice upon those who know infinitely more of the question than he does, is an incompetent, utterly unworthy the support of any intelligent, self-respecting constituency. Regrettable as it is to

have to say it, there have been many such candidates elected to our State legislatures.

C. K. Millard, M. D., Medical Officer of Health for Leicester, who is an avowed adherent of the Jennerian doctrine, read a paper on "The Leicester Method of Dealing with Small-pox" before the Incorporated Society of Medical Officers of Health on March 10, 1904. From Dr. Millard's paper, which was published in the July, 1904, number of *Public Health*, I quote the following extract:

"The people of Leicester, by abandoning compulsory vaccination, have taken the law into their own hands, and have set expert medical opinion at defiance; but that is no reason why we should refuse to study their experiment and learn from it all we can."*

In his "Report on Small-pox Epidemic in Leicester in 1903," page 10, Dr. Millard says:

"The name of Leicester has come to be inseparably connected with the agitation against compulsory vaccination, and in no other large town have the vaccination laws been so completely set at defiance. For the last twenty years, in fact, they have been practically a 'dead letter,' all attempts at compulsion having been openly abandoned. Prior to that period, however, Leicester ranked as a well vaccinated town."

During the years 1872-1876, when Leicester was a well vaccinated town, the general average death rate from all causes was 25.18. The population of the borough at that time was less than one hundred thousand. During the last thirty-five years the general death rate in Leicester has steadily decreased, *pari passu*, with the decrease in vaccination, until at the time of the Annual Report for 1908 it had reached the phenomenally low figure of 12.98, while in 1909 it had fallen to 12.90. Leicester's population in 1909 numbered nearly 250,000.

It is therefore seen that well-vaccinated Leicester of 1872-6 had a general death rate almost double that of unvaccinated Leicester of 1909, although the population had nearly trebled since 1876.

Since vaccination was abandoned in Leicester the infant mortality in that borough had been steadily decreasing until it reached in 1908 the unprecedentedly low figure of 129.7 per thousand births.

This control experiment by unvaccinated Leicester, a town which has for a quarter of a century been declared by the partisans of the vaccine nostrum to be "a nidus for small-pox to settle in and propagate itself," has demonstrated beyond cavil that vaccination is not only wholly unnecessary and utterly useless as an anti-variolous measure, but also that it is actually pernicous and disastrous in its effects upon the public health. Dr. Millard tells us that "vaccination reached its lowest point in Leicester in 1895, when only seventy-five vaccinations were registered out of five thousand births," This means that only fifteen children out of every thousand born in Leicester were vaccinated. Dr. Millard says: "The last census taken showed that there were over eighty thousand unvaccinated people in Leicester, consisting principally of children and young adults." In accordance with the Jennerian doctrine that the vaccinal condition of a community is the predominant factor in determining the incidence of small-pox and the severity of the disease, prophesies have been freely and confidently made as to the disastrous consequences which would surely and speedily follow on what the late Dr. Ernest Hart called Leicester's "gigantic experiment."

Retribution in the shape of dire epidemic and a terrible "massacre," especially of the children, has been repeatedly and blatantly prognosticated by the wise-wigs of old school physic; but up to the present time these grave prognostications have not only all been un-

*Vide, "Public Health," July, 1904, p. 627.

fulfilled, but on the contrary Leicester, since having thrown off the cow-pox yoke, has enjoyed a phenomenal immunity from small-pox unequalled and unapproached by any well vaccinated municipality of its approximate size in the world.

On page 8 of his official "Report on the Small-pox Epidemic of Leicester in 1904," Dr. Millard says:

"Probably the most noteworthy feature of the epidemic was the very mild tpye of the disease as evidenced by its remarkably low fatality, only four cases proving fatal, which is equivalent to a fatality on 321 cases of only 1.24 per cent. Such a record is, I believe, almost unique. However, one of the four fatal cases was an imported one—the child of a tramp—which was not infected in Leicester, merely happening to sicken with the disease whilst passing through the town. Such a small loss of life," observes Dr. Millard, "is of course very satisfactory and is all the more remarkable as occurring in Leicester, where such a large proportion of the population is unvaccinated."

Think of a case-fatality from epidemic small-pox of less than one per cent in a populous town which had repudiated Jenner's quack-nostrum more than a quarter of a century previously and has persistenly rejected it ever since!

When the small-pox epidemic of 1904 struck Leicester, had it been a well-vaccinated borough as it was in 1871, when ninety-five per cent of the births were cow-poxed, what high-sounding encomiums would have been lavished upon the memory of the "immortal" Jenner and his great "life-saving discovery."

On page 12 of this same official report, under the sub-caption of "School Infection," Dr. Millard says:

"In view of the fact that over eighty per cent (probably nearly ninety per cent) of the children attending the public elementary schools in Leicester have never been vaccinated, and that school attendance, as is well known, provides very favorable conditions for the spread of infection, it was certainly to have been expected that considerable spread of the disease would have occurred amongst children infected at school. Fortunately, however, such was not the case. It will be recollected," adds Dr. Millard, "that in the 1903 epidemic there was also surprisingly little infection through the medium of schools. On the other hand, **great spread took place through the medium of slight cases which had escaped detection**, and such cases usually occurred in **vaccinated subjects.**"

(The black-faces are mine.)

From the above official statement of a defender of vaccination it is obvious that the *vaccinated*, *not* the *unvaccinated*, constituted the real element of danger in the spread of small-pox. Here we have the recorded admission of an unflinching defender of Jennerism that vaccination utterly defeated the principal object it had intended to accomplish, namely, the prevention of small-pox infection. In view of such testimony as this from the pen of a partisan of vaccination, what respect can intelligent people have for the ignorant and absurd dictum of the Jenner-bigots that "an unvaccinated school pupil is a focus of infection and a menace to the public health?"

These experiences, which are about the same in both the Leicester epidemics which occurred long after vaccination had been abandoned, conclusively prove the absurdity of the pretense than "an unvaccinated child is a focus of infection" or "menace to the community in which he resides." That vaccinated subjects constituted the principal element of danger and were the real foci of infection in both the above-mentioned epidemics of small-pox is thus frankly attested by a staunch advocate of the Jennerian rite in his official reports as Medical Officer of Health of Leicester.

As a characteristic specimen of the wild and haphazard assertions of the medical promoters of Jenner's quack-nostrum, I present the following extract from a classical work entitled

Vital Statistics, by Chas. Pearce, M. D., M. C.R. S.:

"Sir Duminie Corrigan, M. D., when acting as one of the committee in 1871, on the Vaccination Act, said: 'An unvaccinated child is like a bag of gun-powder which might blow up the whole school, and ought not, therefore, to be admitted to a school unless he is vaccinated.'"

Bearing in mind the recorded experience of the eighty thousand unvaccinated school pupils in Leicester during the small-pox epidemic of 1903-4, what could appear more monstrously absurd than the above quoted quixotic deliverance of an otherwise presumably sane physician? Dr. Corrigan's case furnishes an apt illustration of the peculiar state of mind under which the victims of the Jennerian delusion are laboring in their efforts to bolster up a discredited and waning cause.

As additional proof of the absurdity of the claims of the vaccine theorists, I again quote from Dr. Millard's Report (page 6) the following extract: "It is a curious coincidence that in the two years, 1903 and 1904, in which the epidemic occurred, the general death-rate of Leicester was the lowest on record." Had the vaccine bigots been permitted in 1903 and 1904 to foist their disease-transmitting imposture upon the people of Leicester, who can believe that such happy results as were achieved without vaccination could have been possible with it?

On page 19 of his official Report of the 1904 epidemic in Leicester Dr. Millard tells us:

"The loss of life caused by the epidemic was astonishingly small. There were only four deaths, one a man of broken-down habits, and three children; one of the latter was a baby five weeks old, and one was the child of a tramp. The last case did not belong to Leicester, and was not infected in Leicester, so that this death might fairly be deducted. There was also, I am pleased to say, very little disfigurement or injury produced by the disease in those who recovered, the great majority showing no scarring whatever. On the whole, therefore, Leicester is certainly to be congratulated on having once again escaped so lightly."

In view of these official data recorded and vouched for by an ardent defender of vaccination, what becomes of the time-worn assertion that vaccination, when it fails to protect from small-pox, renders that disease milder and less fatal? Where is the well-vaccinated and re-vaccinated population in the world that can boast of a case fatality in a variolous epidemic of less than one per cent, which was the rate in unvaccinated Leicester in 1904, a municipality having a population of about a quarter of a million? Will some obliging apologist for vaccination kindly tell us what it was that made small-pox so *mild* and *manageable* in unvaccinated Leicester? Will some promoter of the Jennerian delusion please refer us to some *well vaccinated* population which can boast of a small-pox fatality rate so "astonishingly small" as that of *unvaccinated* Leicester? In view of Leicester's experience, what becomes of the stock argument of the pro-vaccinists that vaccination mitigates small-pox? Leicester's experiment flatly belies every claim that has ever been trumped up for vaccination as a preventive or a mitigant of small-pox, and proves beyond peradventure that the vaccine practice is worse than useless except for the purpose *of supplying doctors' fees and furnishing business for undertakers.*

In view of Dr. Millard's official statement that there was in Leicester "very little permanent disfigurement or injury produced by the disease in those who recovered," what becomes of the stock argument of the apostles of Jennerism that the disappearance of "pocked-marked faces" at certain periods of time was the result of protective vaccination? If pocked-marked

faces after epidemics of small-pox in an unvaccinated population are so rare as Dr. Millard tells us they have been in Leicester, how do the vaccine theorists account for the rarity of cases of facial blemish in the absence of vaccination? Had vaccination been in vogue in Leicester at the time referred to, it would have been credited by its shifty advocates with the mighty achievement of having averted the dreaded facial disfigurement incident to unmodified small-pox.

In his official report Dr. Millard further says:

"Leicester, as we have seen, is a notoriously badly vaccinated community, and probably contains a larger proportion of unvaccinated persons than any other large town."*

In referring to the Leicester epidemic of 1904, Dr. Millard says:

"The money cost of the epidemic to the rates was probably not much more than would have to be spent **every year** if vaccination and re-vaccination were systematically carried out on the whole healthy population."

Such a damaging admission, coming from the mouth of a medical man pledged to vaccination and presiding over the health department of a populous municipality which more than a quarter of a century ago discarded vaccination and has persistently refused it ever since, is pretty conclusive testimony against the contention of his fellow-vaccinists who assume that the prevalence which small-pox would attain in the absence of vaccination would bring to them far greater pecuniary profit than vaccination does. The experience of unvaccinated Leicester flatly confutes the preposterous claim of the disease-inoculators that health can be conserved by the propagation of disease.

Dr. Millard tells us further that "in Leicester during the twenty-four years that notification has been in force, the average annual number of small-pox cases has been only thirty-seven. The average number of children born annually has been five thousand, so that (allowing for probable deaths) at least eight thousand vaccinations (including re-vaccinations) would have to be performed each year to prevent thirty-seven cases of small-pox." Even if vaccination were a certain preventive of small-pox, think of the glaring absurdity of imposing more than 216 disease-imparting operations upon healthy people to prevent one case of small-pox! What an act of insanity it would be to implant the infective products of undefined disease into the bodies of eight thousand healthy children in order to prevent the possible development of a very few mild cases of small-pox! Could absurdity go further than this?

Last year I received from Dr. Millard, Medical Officer of Health for Leicester, a copy of his then last (1908) Official Report. In prefacing this report Dr. Millard says:

"The retrospect is on the whole a satisfactory one, the death rate being only 12.98 per thousand. A comparison with other great centers of population continues to be very favorable to Leicester. During the ten years (1898-1907) only one town in the kingdom had a lower average death rate than Leicester."

On page 26 of the same Official Report, Dr. Millard tells us that in Leicester "compulsory vaccination has practically been all but abolished" and that "there has in 1908 been a decrease in the number of vaccinations as compared with previous years." He remarks that "during the year (1908) no cases of small-pox have occurred in Leicester."

From Dr. C. Killick Millard, who still holds the position of Medical Officer of Health of Leicester, I have just received his last report upon the health of Leicester for the year 1909. From

* "Public Health," July, 1904, p. 614.

page 27 of this report I quote the following extract:

"The disease (small-pox) did not appear in Leicester during 1905 and it is now three years since the last case was reported and five years since a death from small-pox occurred in Leicester. As the experience of Leicester during the epidemics of 1903 and 1904 was very different from what had been expected by many people, and as it has an important bearing upon the vexed question of the necessity of compulsory vaccination, it may be well to quote the figures of the epidemics. In the 1903 epidemic there were 394 cases of small-pox with 21 deaths, yielding a case mortality of 1.3 er cent. In the 1904 epidemic there were 321 cases, with four deaths, yielding a case mortality of only 1.2 per cent. Several of our large cities suffered from more or less extensive epidemics about this period, but in none other was there such a low case mortality as 1.2 per cent recorded. In view of the large proportion of unvaccinated persons in Leicester, such a result is specially remarkable."

Thus does unvaccinated Leicester continue to maintain her enviable position in the front rank as one of the two healthiest great manufacturing towns of the British possessions. Since abandoning the Jennerian rite, Leicester has uninterruptedly enjoyed greater immunity from small-pox and has had a lower death-rate therefrom than any well vaccinated great center of population in the world into which small-pox has gained admission. The experience of unvaccinated Leicester is an eye-opener to the people and an eye-sore to the pro-vaccinists the world over. Here is a grat manufacturing town having a population of nearly a quarter of a million, which has demonstrated by a crucial test of an experience extending over a period of more than a quarter of a century, that an unvaccinated population has been far less susceptible to small-pox and far less afflicted by that disease since it abandoned vaccination than it was at a time when ninety-five per cent of its births were vaccinated and its adult population well re-vaccinated. More than this, Leicester's death rate from all causes has been greatly reduced since vaccination was abandoned. If for the sake of argument it be conceded that vaccination is capable of protecting its subjects from small-pox infection for a period of a few years, I submit to any intelligent, fair-minded physician that "the Leicester method of dealing with small-pox," a method in which notification, isolation, quarantine, disinfection and sanitation are the keynotes, having proved itself quite sufficient for the control of epidemic small-pox without resort to general vaccination, is a far more ideal method of prophylaxis and one infinfinitely more in accord with the recognized principles of preventive medicine, hygiene and sanitary science than the generally practised system of "stamping out" a little small-pox by "stamping in" a great deal of vaccinia.

The case of Leicester, which is of world-wide interest, may be summarized as follows:

(1) In 1872, with a population of less than 100,000, Leicester had several thousand cases of small-pox, 346 of which cases resulted fatally, notwithstanding a high vaccinal average of about ninety-five per cent of the total births for the immediately preceding quinquennial period, as shown by the official records.

(2) The annual average death rate at that period, for all ages and from all causes, was twenty-seven per thousand, and from the seven principal infectious diseases (including small-pox) was over eight thousand per million. With such overwhelming proof of the absolute uselessness of vaccine inoculation as a prophylactic measure against small-pox, vaccination began to fall into disfavor and disuse with the people of Leicester.

(3) Concurrently with increasing vaccinal default and the carrying out of sanitary measures, the general death rate in Leicester steadily declined and the number of small-pox cases soon be-

came infinitesimally small. During the last few years the general death rate has averaged about 14 per thousand per annum, and in 1905 was only 13.4 per thousand, while in 1908 it was only 12.98 and in 1909 only 12.90 per thousand, so that Leicester, from having been one of the most unhealthy, now ranks among the healthiest and cleanest of the great manufacturing towns of the British Kingdom.

(4) This astonishing hygienic progress and remarkably low fatality rate in Leicester are largely attributable to a declining infantile mortality, which has during the last thirty-three years, fallen from an average of over 240 deaths per thousand births, with a higher percentage of infantile vaccination (1868-72), to less than 150 deaths per thousand births in 1905 and 126.6 in 1909. During last year but 660 of the 250,000 citizens of Leicester were vaccinated. This means that only one out of every 378 persons was vaccinated.

(5) None of the credit for this improved state of affairs can be fairly ascribed to vaccination, seeing that during the fourteen years, 1891 to 1904, primary vaccinations amounted to only about five per cent of the recorded births, and scarcely any re-vaccinations were performed.

(6) An unvaccinated child population of vaccination age of between eighty thousand and one hundred thousand remains in the town, declares Dr. Millard in his official report.

(7) Although small-pox has been frequently imported into Leicester, it has failed to "decimate" this alleged "inflammable material," and the people have the utmost confidence in "the Leicester system" of sanitation, notification, isolation and disinfection, which—without recourse to vaccination—has served them so well for so long a period of time.

(8) As proof of their great abhorrence of vaccination, I may state that thousands of otherwise law-abiding and blameless citizens of Leicester have submitted to insult, fine and imprisonment rather than submit their children to the Jennerian imposture. The homes of defaulters who were unable to pay repeated fines for their very natural and proper resistance of this cruel and despotic law, have been seized and sold. Millions of pounds of the public funds have been squandered on this useless and mischievous medical fallacy.

(9) At the present writing the official records show the names of more than fifteen thousand parents of Leicester who are legally liable to be summoned to court. The feeling of repugnance against vaccination is stronger in Leicester today than ever before.

(10) Leicester stands out conspicuously at the present day, a shining example to the whole world of the fact that prophylaxis against small-pox is to be realized through the attainment of health by means of personal hygiene, isolation and municipal sanitation, and not by the inoculation of disease-products of man and beast into the healthy human body. Whereas, the legitimate aim of therapeutics is to restore the sick to a state of health, and that of hygiene to maintain our bodies in a state of health by right living and salubrious environment, vaccination undertakes the absurd and dangerous experiment of modifying our robust, healthy bodies in order to adapt them to an insalubrious environment.

The Old Natchez Trace

An Historic Southern Road of By-gone Days

Park Marshall

I WAS reared at Franklin, Tenn., a town which will be known for ages as the scene, near the close of the Civil War, of the most desperate battle perhaps of modern times. One of the traditions there was, and is, that the signs of an ancient road beginning at the Institute, now the High School, in that town and running southwestward, to Cunningham's bridge, in the same county of Williamson, mark the course of the old Natchez Trace.

I have learned that similar traditions prevail, in their respective localities, with respect to the "Page road," which leaves the Harding road six miles west of Nashville and runs south and joins the Hillsboro road; with respect to the Hillsboro road itself, running from Nashville southwest a distance of twenty-five miles to Cunningham's bridge, which is in Williamson county, ten miles southwest from Franklin; and with respect to the road running from Mount Pleasant, in Maury county, to Napier's Furnace, near Buffalo creek, in the northern part of Lawrence county.

To understand the points here referred to one should have a good map of Tennessee before him. The four roads spoken of, all of which date from at lea t as far back as 1808, were of old not called "Natchez Trace," but "Natchez Trace *Roads*," indicating that they led to the Natchez Trace, as one would say the Atlanta road, or the Memphis road, meaning roads entering those places. From the use of the descriptive name of the road, and from the habit of dropping from it the word "road," the public, in time, came to regard these branches, or forks, as parts of the original Trace. This error occurs in the report of the Bureau of Ethnology for 1883-4 in the map of Cherokee cessions, which represents the Natchez Trace as running from Mount Pleasant, Maury county, Tenn., straight to Florence, Ala., and over the same branch road which I have above referred to. This not only places the Trace some eighteen or twenty miles too far to the east, but it at the same time has the effect of extending the territory ceded by the Chickasaws and Cherokees to that line, their treaties of 1806 running their northern boundary with Duck river from its mouth to the Natchez Trace, therein called "The Columbian Highway." That would make the land ceded extend eastward to Columbia, Tenn., which every one knows to be absurd, as the Trace in fact crosses Duck river at Gordon's Ferry, sixteen miles northwest from Columbia, and at the present border of Maury county.

It is best to describe the course of the Natchez Trace, and afterwards show the manner in which it was laid out, and its uses and object. What is known as the Basin of Middle Tennessee lies diagonally across the center of the state in a northwest and southwest direction, a distance of over one hundred miles, and is eighty miles east and west. It is surrounded by uplands, known as the Highland Rim, which rise four hundred feet higher than Nashville, and which, west and south extend to the Tennessee river. From the foot-hills of the Cumberland Mountains a watershed starts and runs west half way between Columbia and Franklin, and continues west until it strikes the Highland Rim. This watershed is known as Duck river ridge, and it runs on in the Rim until it is near the Tennessee on the west, when it curves northward and goes into Kentucky, between the Tennessee and

the Cumberland. All the waters north and east of this ridge run into Cumberland river, and all those south and west of it run into the Tennessee. At the time of the French and Indian war the Confederacy of the Six Nations claimed that they were sovereigns by right of conquest over all the country north and east of the Tennessee river, and a treaty was made with England at Fort Stanwix in 1868 ceding that part of the country to England. This extinguishment of Indian title was all that was held by North Carolina as to its western lands, and the white people, acting on the theory that that cession was valid, was one of the causes of wars with the Cherokees. Both the Cherokees and the Chickasaws disputed the North Carolina title, the latter claiming that they had driven the Shawnees out of the country from the Tennessee river to a point on a line running north and south through the Chickashaw Old Fields, on the Tennessee river, the meridian of which place is a little west of that of Nashville, while the Cherokees claimed that they had assisted in the war, and also that they (the Cherokees) were the holders of the country east of that meridian. Whilst these Indian claims were thought to be doubtful, yet it appeared that George Washington had at least recognized the Chickasaw contention. Negotiations were therefore opened and treaties were made with the two nations at Hopewell, S. C., in 1785 and 1786, whereby the Indians ceded the country, making the boundary line run with Duck river ridge from a point near Waverly, in the present Humphries county, southeast and east to a point south and east of Nashville, so that a line run north from the east end of the line would strike the Cumberland river forty miles east of Nashville. Matters remained in this shape until the year 1801, at which time treaties were made with the Chickasaws and Choctaws for the opening of a wagon road through their territories from Nashville, Tenn., to Natchez, on the Mississippi, to be located as the president of the United States might indicate, and to be for the perpetual use of the people of the United States and of those nations. Gen. Wilkinson was then in command of the Military Department of the Southwest, and he at once started the work of opening the road under the immediate charge of Capt. Robert Butler and Lieut. E. Pendleton Gaines with four companies of men and several Indian guides; and a little later started the work in the Choctaw country with ten companies. No other road was ever provided for in any treaty, for which reason this road —the Natchez Trace (named in later documents "the Columbian Highway"), must be deemed as that which ran through Indian territory by virtue of treaty stipulations, and the other Natchez Trace "Roads" were its approaches.

The most direct route from Nashville to the north end of the Natchez Trace was and is along the present Hillsboro road, which bears southwest from Nashville until it reaches Cunningham's bridge, (which is only the crossing of a small branch), ten miles southwest from Franklin, at which point the wagon road strikes and ascends the Highland Rim, and in two or three miles crosses Duck River ridge. The road is now on a ridge with Lick creek on its right and Lieper's creek on the left, which streams run southwest into Duck river; and in three miles more the road crosses the Maury county line, five miles east of the Hickman county line. Pursuing its southwest course, the Trace in five miles reaches Lodebar (formerly Kindehook), and four miles thence passes an old well called "Jackson's well," or "Haunted well," and in another four miles crosses Duck river at Gordon's ferry, in Hickman county, four miles northwest from Williamsport, of Maury county. Then the Trace runs about seven miles in the eastern

part of Hickman county and veering toward a south course comes to the common corner of the counties of Hickman, Maury, and Lewis; thence it runs west several miles along the general course of the line between Lewis and Hickman. It then resumes its southwest course and after eight miles crosses Swan creek at the old Dobbins stand, now Gordonsburg, running through the property of the present Mayfield phosphate mines. Thence in four miles the road passes a mile and a half west of the site of Newburg, the old county seat of Lewis county, near the center of that county, and two miles further on it passes the grave and monument of Meriwether Lewis, from whom the county was named. Pursuing the main ridge it, in nine miles, passes Napier's Iron Furnace, near the Lewis and Lawrence line, after crossing Buffalo creek. It then passes through the northwest part of Lawrence county, and into Wayne, five or six miles south of its northeast corner, and runs across the headwaters of Cypress creek, in that county. It then passes into Alabama at its northwest corner, and reaches the Tennessee river at Colbert's ferry, about twenty miles west of Florence, and several miles east of the mouth of Bear creek. This place is very near the old Indian town of Coldwater, where the fight took place between James Robertson and the Indians in 1787, the result of the Coldwater Expedition. The course of the Trace in Mississippi has been marked out in that state. It runs through Tishomingo and Lee counties, and passes two and a half miles west of Tupelo, and seventeen miles east of Pontotoc. It visits the vicinity of old Harrisburg, where the battle was fought during the Civil War, and so on in that course to Natchez.

In 1871, and again in 1873, I was one of a party of boy campers who spent vacations on the clear and beautiful streams that flow through the western part of the Highland Rim, and, although the Natchez Trace, though still used in most of its parts, had lost its glories as a great commercial and military highway. I remember how familiar its course was to all the inhabitants. It is a road having a history, and although its traditions come down to the present generation dimmed by the mists of a hundred years, yet they are of sufficient force to keep alive a mild form of awe. Whenever you are directed to any place the Trace must be a part of it, if you are to touch it or come near it. It serves the people there in the manner that a meridianal line serves the astronomer or geographer. Throughout all its seventy-five or eighty miles in the middle Tennessee uplands it follows the main ridges between the water erosions on the right and on the left, but never abandons its main purpose to reach Natchez by the Father of Waters; and, like many another faithful public servant, it is cast aside, if not contemned, when well worn and when the requirements of a more advanced condition render it of less utility.

So many cross roads have been made in later times that one constantly runs the risk of taking one that will lead to some hut in a nearby hollow, or to some saw mill, from which fact there is a saying that "the Natchez Trace is easy to travel and hard to follow." It is easy to travel, inasmuch as it keeps to the ridges and does not often lead one up and down very steep hills, but it is hard to follow because it is frequently intersected by other roads, some of which have much the same appearance.

After a century the solitary grave of Meriwether Lewis, by the wayside in the blackjacks of Lewis county, never fails to awaken a solemn interest in the history of that promising but unfortunate young officer whose remains have rested there since his tragic death in the year 1809. A man named Griner settled near Centreville in 1807 with his

family, and in 1808 moved to the Natchez Trace and established a "stand" —a place to care for traveler, man and beast. His place was the last white settlement toward the southwest. Meriwether Lewis was a young man of promise and a friend of Jefferson, who commissioned him and Clark to make the great overland exploration to the Pacific in 1803. This great work having been done with complete success, Lewis was later made Governor of the District of Louisiana, which embraced the present Missouri, but not New Orleans. In the early part of 1809 he was ordered to report to Washington, and took his course down the Mississippi and across West Tennessee to the Natchez Trace, accompanied by a Creole and a negro servant. Before reaching Griner's stand his horses had stampeded, and I believe the men were not with him at the time. At the stand he was given a small "office" to sleep in. His conduct was said to be strange and his manner excited or gloomy, so that the women at the "stand" were afraid of him. By their account Griner was not then at home. In the night two shots were fired, and Lewis was heard moaning and asking for water. Many crimes had been committed in the then condition of the wild country, and the women seem to have been afraid to go to his assistance. They found where he had attempted to get water from a well. In the morning he was dead, and was buried where his remains lie to this day. There were those who had a different belief from that which is above implied, and Griner was accused of murder and robbery, was tried, and cleared. Others believed that Lewis' servants murdered him and made their escape. The people are still divided as to the manner of the death. Thomas Jefferson speaks of it as if there were no doubt that it was a case of suicide, and the facts seem to justify that opinion. Gov. Lewis was certainly known to be subject to melancholy, and Jefferson was acquainted with this fact at least. The description of Lewis' actions would tally with this theory, and the wearysome journey and depressing scenery could easily have affected him at the time. Many years afterward the state caused a small monument to be placed over the grave. Around this the country people from time to time interred the bodies of their dead until now there are some fifty graves there in the blackjack woods with no fence about them. The base of the monument is crumbling, and as nothing seems sacred to the relic hunter, several pieces have been broken from the stone itself.

What manner of men have within these hundred and ten years trodden the course of the old Natchez Trace, and what oxen and horses in so long a time have assisted the rains and sleets in so greatly eroding its steep places?

First of all, the Natchez Trace should not be confused with Jackson's Military road. The Military road runs from Columbia and Mount Pleasant down by the way of Shoal creek to Florence, Ala., and thence diagonally across Alabama to the middle of the east side of Mississippi, while the Trace runs much more to the westward, passing over twenty miles west of Florence and into the northeast corner of Mississippi. The Military road seems to have been begun in 1808, while the Trace was begun in 1801. The purpose of the Trace was chiefly commercial, though there can be no doubt that it was important, from a military point of view, to have a road leading to the French, Spanish and Indian possessions. During a quarter of a century the Natchez Trace was the greatest and most important highway in all the country within two hundred miles or more of the Mississippi. Practically all of the export trade of Tennessee, Kentucky, and of the Ohio, went down the rivers to New Orleans, and the men and returns came back over the Natchez Trace. The stories of these journeys,

of the goings and comings, and of the highwaymen who, for several years infested the road, were legion, and many of them are told by firesides to this day.

As to military purposes, it has frequently been said that Andrew Jackson went to New Orleans over the Trace in 1814, but this is a palpable error, inasmuch as Jackson and Coffee were at Pensacola when the tocsin was sounded, and went from that place. In the Creek war the concentration was at Fayetteville, and Jackson went from that place to Huntsville, and over the Sand Mountain. After conquering the Creeks he was in Florida just before going to New Orleans. When the British were suspected of intending an invasion of the South in 1812, Jackson started to meet them at New Orleans. At the time of his departure he issued an address dated Nov. 14, 1812, which may be said to contain the key to the great importance which the people of the West assigned to the Natchez Trace and to the possession of the Mississippi. He said: "Every man of the western country turns his eyes instinctively upon the mouth of the Mississippi river. He there beholds the only outlet by which his produce can reach the markets of foreign nations, or of the Atlantic states. Blocked up, all the fruits of his industry rot upon his hands; open, he carries on a commerce with all the nations of the earth." At this time Gen. Coffee took 650 cavalry to Natchez by way of the Trace, while Jackson carried 2,500 men down the rivers and met him at Natchez. There the men were held some time without orders, during which Jackson asked to be allowed to go to Detroit to retrieve the disgraceful losses of Gen. Hull. He was ordered to dismiss his men and turn over equipments to Wilkinson's order, which he refused to do, and marched the army back over the Natchez Trace until he got to the vicinity of the Lewis monument, and there dismissed them. This closed what was called the Natchez Expedition.

When Jackson left Florida for New Orleans he caused Gen. Carroll to convey about 2,500 men down the river from Nashville. At that time many volunteers went to Natchez to meet the expedition there, but in squads of a few men each, not as organized commands. After the battle the army was marched back over the Natchez Trace. After reaching Cunningham's bridge, which merely means the edge of the hill country, it is uncertain which roads were followed. It is certain that some portions of Jackson's armies camped at Franklin, and that being so, they, of course, did not travel the Hillsboro road. The probabilities are that between Nashville and the Trace proper they moved some on one road and some on another, as convenience to the particular men dictated. Jackson made a gift of a small cannon to the town of Franklin, which cannon was long afterward, with apparently the consent of the citizens, taken away by a volunteer going to the Texas War of Independence, and was said to have been used at San Jacinto.

Water and heat worked the undoing of the Natchez Trace. When the expanding water vapor in the first boiler turned a wheel the Natchez Trace, as a through line, was doomed, for when watercraft plied the rivers upstream as well as down, and the iron horse visited their shores, there was no further need to plod for weeks over a road sometimes dusty and sometimes at places obstructed by overflowing rivers. Few persons now living have ever traveled the entire length of the road, and yet it is still in use throughout all, or nearly all, its original length for going to and from places within its limits. The present road is not always on the exact track of the old road, for, at least on its northern half, it runs through a rather thinly settled section on lands not well suited to agriculture,

so that whenever a tree has fallen across the way, or a mud-hole, or a badly worn place has developed, instead of repairing it the people have preferred to "drive around" it, that being the cheaper and shorter way to solve the problem. In some instances a new ridge has been taken, involving a parallel of several miles. Thus the whole road is appreciably longer than it was at first. In Wayne county, Tenn., the Trace is at many places almost completely lost.

Notwithstanding these things the old highway is a subject of unfailing interest to almost every one in Middle Tennessee and North Mississippi who is in the least interested in the traditions and history of his country. It is a mute witness of the energies, sacrifices, and heroisms of the pioneers of a past century.

So far as the writer has been able to ascertain, there has been no connected description of this road written, and such mentions of it as occur in different books generally contain mistakes. If any reader be inclined to look further into the matter, he will find the subject, or some related matter, in the following publications: State Papers—Indian Affairs, Vols. 4, 5; Bureau of Ethnology, Report for 1883-4, Map 2 (with erroneous placing of Columbian Highway, or Natchez Trace); Spence's History of Hickman County, Tenn.; Clayton's History of Davidson County (old map); John Allison's "Twentieth Century Map of Tennessee;" Surveys (1835), in office of Secretary of State, Nashville; Jno. C. Guild's "Old Times in Tennessee;" Colyar's Life of Andrew Jackson; U. S. Geological Survey—Quadrangles of Nashville, Franklin, Columbia, Waynesboro, and those of Mississippi; Goodspeed's History; Ramsey's Annals, showing outline map of Military road.

The Last Hour

George B. Staff

The proudest king, with sovereign power,
Is helpless in that dreaded hour
When Death, with icy finger, brings
The summons from The King of Kings.

His word may rule a mighty race,
And from his high, exalted place,
Bid thousands come before his throne;
But in that hour he is alone.

For king or peasant, 'tis the same,
Obscurity, or earthly fame,
From royal throne, or lowly clod,
Before the judgment throne of God.

Life From Varied Viewpoints

"A Deal in Soap"

IN the March magazine, it may be recalled, several belated travellers promised to tell a story dealing with their professions. A lady, who had acted as housekeeper in a large Northern hotel, told the first story, and now comes the travelling man with a tale of interest.

"As a rule," said the travelling man, "my work is simply a question of getting there first with samples, booking big orders, keeping my expense account down, and catching trains. But once I had an exciting experience that nearly brought about complications between the United States and a little one-horse Republic in South America.

"At the time, I was travelling for a big soap manufacturer. Maybe you are more or less acquainted with at least two varieties of soap, the kind you lather your face with, and the kind you don't; but I handled sixteen different varieties, and this season the soap business was dull, because of so much that had been written about the Chicago stock-yards, where much of our soap material came from.

"There was such a sudden slump in the demand for soap of any kind, my house began calling in its men, and I expected to get word any day to come in, too.

"I was in Baltimore, and feeling pretty blue, when I met Jerry Larrimore. He had been a boy from my home place and had gone to South America; I hadn't seen him nor heard from him for two years, and I was glad to meet him. He asked me what I was doing and when I told him 'soap,' he said I was the very fellow he needed just then, as he had a big order to place for soap, if I could get him the sort he wanted. I felt like showing my sixteen varieties right there on the street, but he told me to come with him to his hotel, which happened also to be mine, and we'd talk it over.

"We had dinner, and then went to his room. After Jerry had told me a lot about himself and his business in South America, I got interested. He had bought a little coffee plantation, and had another young fellow from the United Sates with him. He said they would have made a lot of money if it hadn't been for an old geezer who seemed to have a strangle hold on all the work people. Then we got down to business about the soap; he said he wanted twenty-five thousand long bars of yellow soap—the kind we sold to laundries and hotels; of course I figured rapidly, and he was satisfied with the figures I gave him. I felt better when I'd sent that order in, than I had for a long time.

"Jerry said he wanted the soap shipped to a ware-house in Baltimore, and he wanted it quick. I began to get curious, but he wouldn't talk till the day the soap arrived. Then he asked me how I'd like to go with him and see the country; that it wouldn't cost me a cent, and I could be back in three weeks.

"I knew I couldn't expect to book many more orders like his, so I wired the house for a three weeks' leave. I guess they were glad to give it to me, and I made my plans to go with Jerry.

"We sailed in a small steamer that Jerry seemed to be boss of, and besides the soap she had a general mixed cargo.

"I'm not much on describing scenery, but it was a pretty trip, when I got over the sea-sickness.

"We landed in a little town on the northern coast of Brazil. From there we had to transport our stuff to another little town with a name I never could say. All this took a matter of more than two weeks, but I didn't worry, as I was half inclined to go in the coffee business with Jerry.

"Well, when we finally got to where

Jerry lived, I found it was a town belonging to a country that changed from Republic to any old sort of government in twenty-four hours. Just now it was trying to turn into a Republic again, because the old fellow that bossed things had taken all the peons to work on his coffee plantations and kept everybody else from having any help.

"Up till then I couldn't see where the soap came in. But after a day or so, Jerry's house began to look like the Tammany district when turkey dinners and shoes are given out. Every greaser that came to Jerry's went away with a box of soap.

"One night I heard shots. I got up, but couldn't see anything, and couldn't find Jerry. I wasn't exactly scared, but I guess I was getting that way.

"Along toward morning Jerry came in, and he looked like he'd spent the night plowing.

"It's all right not to be too inquisitive about what your host does, but I hinted to Jerry that I'd like to be let in on the racket. He said, 'We pulled off a little revolution last night, and we're a Republic again, that's all.' I said, 'how'd you come to get mixed up in it—and why the soap?'

"He laughed and reached under the bed for a bar of our 'Laundry Favorite' —he broke one open and I saw the heads of four fat cartridges.

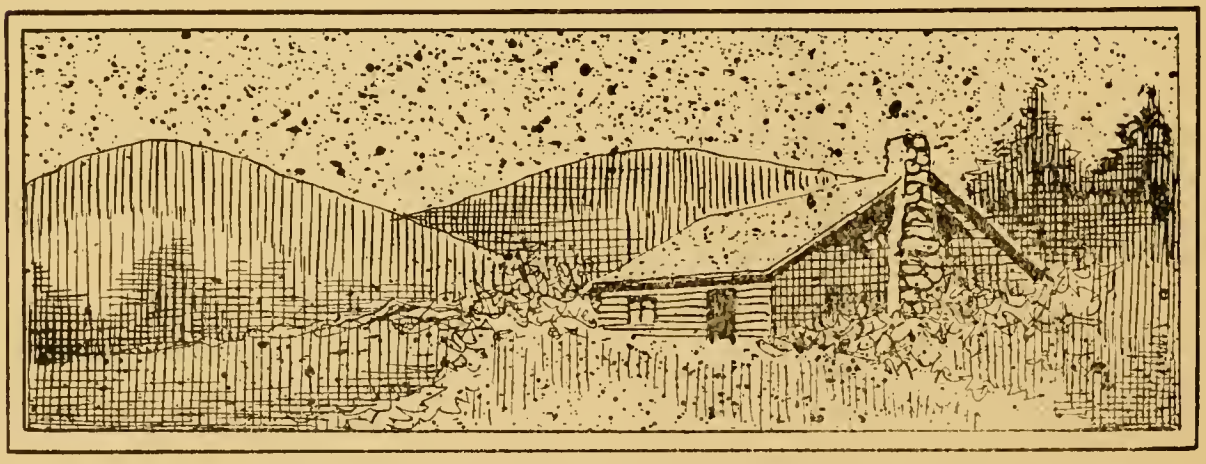
"'It's this way,' he said, 'the little planters got tired of old Juanrico bossing things as Dictator, and the peons got tired working for him for nothing. So we decided to revolute a few and the peons all had guns but no ammunition. We raised a fund and borrowed on our coffee crop: I suggested the soap, and that's all there is to it.'

"As the United States always remains neutral in these little South American rackets, we would all have been pinched if we had been caught, but Jerry always was lucky.

"I stayed two months with him and he and the rest of the small planters cleared a big crop.

"That was the most exciting order for soap I ever filled," concluded the travelling man, and the guests declared it was one of the most interesting tales they had ever listened to.

The theatrical advance agent promised an incident he thought might amuse the company, and we will tell you that next month.



A Southerner's View of Secession

John S. Beard

IN the "*Independent*," a weekly magazine published in New York, of February 9, 1911, there appears an article—"A Semi-Centennial View of Secession," by Enoch M. Banks.

In a short biographical sketch heading this article, it is stated that Mr. Banks, the author, is a native of Georgia, and is at present the professor of History and Economics in the Florida University. Though Mr. Banks is a native of the South and the professor of History and Economics in a Southern university, this article shows an utter lack of sympathy with and knowledge of the causes leading to secession, as well as of the principles involved in the great struggle for constitutional liberty made by the Southern people from '61 to '65.

The whole contention in this article is that success is the criterion of right. His criticism of the course pursued by the South in 1861, does not voice the sentiments of the intelligent South of today.

Professor Banks assumes to write from a broad philosophical point of view. The entire article, however, shows that he utterly misapprehends the spirit of the government under which he lives, and that he mistakes retrogression, for progress, in the science of government.

It is not my intention to go into an argument in defence of secession. As every tolerably well informed man knows, there were two questions involved in that movement, namely:

First. Did the Southern States have the sovereign right to secede?

Second. Was the occasion such as to justify the exercise of this right?

That the Southern States did have the sovereign right to secede, and that they did not act without occasion nor disproportionately to the occasion, has been established beyond the power of refutation.

I shall, therefore, comment only upon such portions of Mr. Banks' article as I think may possibly create a false impression as to the sentiments of the South today.

Mr. Banks asserts that "most intelligent Southerners would now concede that for our country, a confederacy with the recognized right of secession, is not the best form of government."

All intelligent Southerners would *now* insist that the Constitution of the United States, the bond of the union, is a compact *between* sovereign states, and "that it is an established doctrine on the subject of treaties (compacts) that all articles are mutual conditions of each other, that a breach of any one article is a breach of the whole treaty (compact) and that a breach committed by either of the parties absolves the other and authorizes them, if they please, to pronounce the treaty (compact) null and void:" and that those great men, who framed and ratified the Constitution of the United States, after long and earnest debate, determined that this Constitution—a compact between sovereign states—established the best form of government. All of the twaddle, in this article, about the "spirit of nationalism" and the "integrating influences" only demonstrates that Mr. Banks neither understands nor appreciates the difference between a written or rigid constitution and an unwritten or flexible constitution, and that the Constitution of the United States is a written or rigid Constitution, that it prescribes the manner in which it can be changed or amended, and that any effort to amend or change that instrument in accordance with a "spirit of nationalism" or "integrating influence" or in any other manner than that pre-

scribed by the Constitution itself is a flagrant breach of the contract and is "odious treason."

Mr. Banks' contention "that it was as much the function of the statesmen of 1860 to interpret the nature of our union in the light of what it ought to be, as it was the duty of our fathers in 1787 to act in harmony with the demands of the day," is simply another way of promulgating the Rooseveltian doctrine that the powers of the Federal government should be enlarged and extended, not by the slow and difficult method of amendment, as prescribed by the Constitution, but by legislative and executive acts and by judicial construction. In other words, this professor of History and Economics in the principal institution of learning in the State of Florida, advocates anarchy and a violation of the oath required of all public officials to preserve, protect and defend the Constitution. The Southern statesmen of 1860 had a higher conception of their moral and constitutional obligations.

Mr. Banks' assertion that slavery was "legalized and regulated by the State governments and not by the National (Federal) government" leads one to believe that this professor of History and Economics considers "Government" and "Constitution" as interchangeable terms. However, it is, probably, too exacting to require this professor of History and Economics to know that constitution and government are not the same, but that government is the creature of constitution. I will therefore assume that when he refers to "government" in the above sentence that he means "constitution," and I therefore respectfully refer him to that (to him), strange instrument. If he will read the Constitution of the United States before construing it, he will find that the legality of slavery is recognized in the Constitution of the United States in the provision for the rendition of fugitive slaves; in the provision fixing the basis for representation in the house of representatives in the Congress of the United States, and in the provision inhibiting the prohibiting of the importation of slaves prior to 1808. It is true that the word "slaves" is not used in either provision, but that these provisions had reference to slaves was universally recognized at the time and is universally recognized now.

If Mr. Banks will brush up his historic memory or inform his historic mind, he will find that he is also mistaken in contending that the question of slavery is antedated, and was the cause of the insistence by the Southern states upon the doctrine of states' rights or state sovereignty. Mr. Banks, in this article very truly says that the agitation of negro slavery was not very acute, prior to 1830, while every well informed school boy of sixteen knows that in both sections and at all times, state sovereignty was fully recognized prior to 1830, and that in both sections and at various times this question became very acute, prior to 1830.

Has he never heard of the several occasions upon which the New England States insisted upon their sovereign right to secede and threatened to enforce this right long prior to 1830? Has he never heard of the Hartford Convention, which was in reality a secession convention, and which convened during the War of 1812? Has he never heard of the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions of 1798-1799, which were emphatic assertions of the doctrine of state sovereignty and involved the right of secession? Has he never read the celebrated report of Madison on the Virginia resolutions? Can he really be ignorant of all of these historic events, and he a professor of History and Economics?

Mr. Banks also states "that students of history can easily see the reasonableness and correctness of the Republican attitude" in 1860 in insisting that Congress "under the Constitution had com-

plete powers in the territories, and that it should exercise these powers in behalf of freedom." Now, this question had produced many and acrimonious debates in Congress. Eventually all parties united in declaring that a decision of the Supreme Court on this question would be accepted as final. In 1857, in the famous Dred Scott case, the Supreme Court of the United States declared that Congress had no right to exclude citizens of the South from taking their slave property, as any other property, into any part of the common territory, and that they were entitled to claim and receive the protection of this property, and this was the contention of the Southern wing of the Democratic party of 1860.

Now, does this professor of History and Economics see the "reasonableness and correctness of the Republican attitude" on this question, from a constitutional standpoint, after this decision of the Supreme Court, or does he see the "reasonableness and correctness of the Republican attitude" on this question from a moral standpoint in violating the agreement to accept this decision of the Supreme Court of the United States as final? This professor of History and Economics again says, that in order to protect the institution of slavery "the South was led to attach exaggerated importance to the doctrine of states' rights and to revive a political science that was becoming obsolete." Again he speaks of state sovereignty as "an antiquated order of things in government." Does not this professor of History and Economics know that the question of state sovereignty or state rights was coeval with the Federal Government, and that there had been no period in the existence of the Federal Government prior to 1861, when it was not a vital principle? Does he not know that Calhoun's celebrated resolutions declaring that right and sovereignty of the states, passed the Senate in 1838 by more than a two-thirds majority, against the determined but futile opposition of Webster? Does he not know that those resolutions were the cornerstone of the tenets and principles of the Democratic party, and that the Democratic party was the majority and dominant party up to the election of 1860?

He refers to the Dred Scott opinion. Has he never read it, or does he fail to understand that this decision of the Supreme Court emphatically affirmed the doctrine of state sovereignty? That this decision was rendeded as late as 1857, and that it was the basis of the Democratic platform in 1860, and that this decision was so universally recognized as correct, that it was deemed necessary by the Republican party, in 1868, to add to the Constitution of the United States, by fraud and by violence, the so-called 14th Amendment to get rid of the principles enunciated in that decision; which principles the professor of History and Economics in the Florida University pronounces to have become obsolete and antiquated in 1861? Does he not know that in 1850 Hale, of New Hampshire, presented petitions to the Senate of the United States, praying for a dissolution of the union, and that Chase, of Ohio, afterwards appointed Chief Justice of the United States by Lincoln, and Seward, of New York, afterwards appointed Secretary of State by Lincoln, voted to receive these petitions? Does he not know that Wm. Loyd Garrison, and others who he thinks were "in accord with the progress of the age," demanded in 1855, a "Northern Confederacy with no union with slaveholders?" If this professor of History and Economics knows these things, how can he say that the South in 1861 revived a political science that was becoming obsolete?

Mr. Banks again says, "viewing the great civil conflict the semi-centennial of whose inauguration, this year marks, in the light of these principles, and in

the light of a broad historical philosophy we are led irresistibly to the conclusion that the North was relatively in the right and that the South was relatively in the wrong."

The "broad historical philosophy" of Mr. Banks' article may fairly be summarized as follows: Those who align themselves with the forces that are successful are in the right in the best, if not the highest sense of right, because success brings benefit and gains to the successful, and that is always best, while those who align themselves with the cause that is lost, however just the cause, are in the wrong because they can reap no benefits, no gains, from their sincerity, devotion and sacrifices to a cause that is lost; therefore as the Northern forces were the strongest in battle, and consequently successful, it is the part of wisdom to repudiate your fathers, condemn their heroism, patriotism and sacrifices in the cause of constitutional liberty as obsolete and not in accord with the commercial progress of the age. You should adopt the teachings of the North, and thereby you may gain much in this world's goods. Those Southern men, however, who decline to adopt and act upon "the broad historical philosophy" of this professor of History and Economics, still insist that the South was right, eternally right, in the great conflict of '61 to '65.

This professor of History and Economics should know that the administration of the government of the United States from '61 to '65 was the inauguration of that utter and flagrant disregard of the Constitution and of all Constitutional limitations, that has paved the way for the corruption and crime which has permeated every department of the Federal Government, and for that dominance of the "money devil" from which the people are now striving to free themselves. To this demoralization the South has been a constant and implacable foe.

So far from concurring in the opinion of Mr. Banks that Lincoln was the superior of Davis; I believe that the impartial student of history who, ignoring the detractors and eulogists of both, and looking only to official acts as officially recorded, must conclude that Jefferson Davis was a statesman and patriot able and pure, and that Abraham Lincoln was a politician of possibly a higher type than Theodore Roosevelt.

In conclusion, there are few, very few Southern men who will subscribe to the views of the professor of History and Economics in the Florida University, and those few are candidates for Northern applause to be followed by Yankee gold; therefore, the vast majority in the South is out of "harmony with the age," and still believe in an antiquated, obsolete order of things in morals, in economics and in government.

According to the "broad historical philosophy" of the professor of History and Economics in the Florida University, "the tragedy of the South's past" is that she has been patriotic, honest and possessed of Constitutional morality, and according to this same "broad historical philosophy," the "tragedy of her present is that she does not yet fully realize" that it is best to repudiate the patriotism, the heroism and the sacrifices made by the heroes of '61 to '65 to the great cause of constitutional liberty.

As a Bird to the Mountains

Anne McQueen

(CONLUDED FROM LAST MONTH.)

ALL day, when she was not busy preparing their scanty meals, she sat in the doorway and gazed, with unseeing eyes, into the forest. But there was a night when Jethro came home from the woods with a congestive chill. Lauretta piled all the quilts in the house on him and gave him hot "yerb tea." A passing turpentine hand summoned the few neighbors to her aid. They did what they could, but the chill still held him in its death-cold clutches. The next morning Jethro Dismukes, white, occupation laborer, was no longer on the payroll of the company.

The company's carpenter made him a coffin of pine plank, lined it with sleazy white muslin and covered it with black calico, and the neighbors bore the body of the mountaineer to the burying ground among the pines. The boss read a psalm over the grave, the neighbors sang a hymn and then went home.

One of the neighbor women stayed with Lauretta that night, and the boss came over and paid her the little bit of money that was coming to Jethro. He also offered to buy her poor household furnishings, and if she wished, he would send her to town, where she might take the train for her native state and go to her own people.

Lauretta's heart leaped. Home and mother and the mountains! They had seemed so far away, and she never expected to see them again.

She eagerly accepted his offer, and, the day after her husband's burial, seated in the boss' own buggy, drawn by swift horses, Lauretta was on her way to town. One of the hands, an old and stpid negro, drove her. The boss had given minute directions about the trains, the price of the ticket, etc., but Lauretta paid little heed to his instructions. Her mind was formulating a plan of her own—a desperate plan, fraught with danger, yet causing her heart to sing with joy at the thought. *She would steal her baby!*

The nurse, in her search for the child, would of course go to the turpentine camps. The boss would tell her that Lauretta had taken the train at the station. Then she would question the ticket agent and trainmen; Lauretta exulted to think how completely at a loss Miss Lathrop would be when she found no trace of her there. For she did not intend to take a train at that place; no indeed, she would take her baby and walk miles and miles away, till she came to another town where there was a railroad. If necessary, she would walk to the mountains; God would show her the way. The little tobacco bag of money in her bosom would buy food. She would get along—if she only had her baby!

At the edge of the town she bade the driver halt. She wanted to visit a friend who lived nearby, she said, and could easily walk to the depot. She took her small bundle — containing precious things for the baby—under her arm and walked swiftly along. She had thought out the whole plan, and was now ready to act. It was early morning, for they had left the turpentine camp before dawn, to avoid the sultry September sun. Nurse Lathrop would be getting breakfast in the kitchen, and the baby would be asleep—and alone.

She knew the way, for she had carried her baby to the house that dreadful morning. Very few people were stirring, only a few workmen hurrying to their work and now and then a delivery wagon rattling by, taking orders from customers. Nobody noticed Laur-

etta. She reached the house without difficulty. All the doors and windows were open to let in the morning coolness. She laid her bundle down at the gate; she stealthily lifted the latch, leaving the gate ajar, walked swiftly and silently up the path, crept, on tiptoe, through the open hall door and into Miss Lathrop's room. It was dusky and cool, the breeze coming through the half-closed shutters.

Miss Lathrop's bed was empty, but in a small, white-enameled crib, daintily draped with the thinnest and whitest of canopies, lay sleeping a tiny bundle of delight—a baby, rosy and warm, one pearly arm beneath the head covered with silky ringlets; long black lashes sweeping its rose-flushed, dimpled cheeks; clad all in snowy cambric and finest lace, a veritable child of luxury, yet—her baby!

Her hungry eyes drank in its beauty, her starved lips yearned to touch its dimpled fingers. Her heart beat to suffocation, but no sound came from her lips; a moment she gazed, then quickly, softly gathered the sleeping child to her bosom, threw over it the loose folds of her home-spun apron, and swiftly, stealthily, scarce daring to breathe, crept again through the hall, down the steps, out into the street, where she caught up the bundle, half dragging, half carrying it, and, unmolested and unseen, hurried on and on till the hateful town was far behind and the welcome, cool green woods were all around her.

. . . . . .

Miss Lathrop ate her early breakfast with tranquility. She knew at what hour the baby usually awoke, and always arranged it so that her morning work should be done before it was time to attend to her nursling. As she finished her last task she thought, "The baby's late about waking; the morning's so cool she's enjoying her nap," and with a smile on her lips, she walked softly to the empty crib and looked in.

Horror froze the scream that died in her throat. She stood benumbed with fear; but the moment her shocked brain resumed its power to think, she intsinctively realized the truth—Lauretta, and no other, had stolen her baby! She flew to the telephone and called frantically for Dr. Lorimer. That young man, in a deep slumber after a hard night's work, was aroused with difficulty; but, when he comprehended the nurse's incoherent message, he ordered his buggy, dressed in haste, and was at her door in as short a time as possible, though it seemed ages to the waiting woman.

"She stole my baby!" she cried, "Lauretta has stolen my baby! I feel it, I know it! When I came in from the kitchen her crib was empty—my little, warm, sweet baby!"

"Yes," said the young doctor, quietly, "little and warm and sweet—her mother's arm must have been empty without her!" Then, speaking in his usual quick, decisive fashion: "Lauretta will surely return to the turpentine camps, though she is probably hiding somewheer now. My buggy is at the gate and I see you are ready. We will go at once."

On the road to the camp the doctor was unusually silent. The nurse, absorbed in her grief, paid little attention to anything, only urging him to make all the speed possible. It was noon when they reached their destination. The boss had just come in from the woods for dinner. He was a family man, and, as he stood by the buggy, listening to Miss Lathrop's story, a little two-year-old boy held fast to his father's finger.

"I don't reckon it'll be worth while to wait till she comes back," he said, slowly, "on account of her takin' the train this morning for her old home, som'er's in the mountains up in No'th Ca'lina. Jethro bein' dead and buried and her havin' no relatives here, 'cept her child"—his hand wandered caressingly over the curly locks of his own—

"and it belongin' to you, in a manner, I advised her to go back to her own folks and sent her to town 'fore day this morning in my buggy; you'd overtook old Jake comin' back if he hadn't stopped to visit among his friends. So, on the whole, ma'am, I don't know as waitin' 'ill do any good. I know it's pretty hard on you, but Lord, it ain't a circumstance to what that pore creeter suffered without her baby! I'd stop at the shanty sometimes for a gourd o' water, and the despairin' look in her face fair made me sick. I believe Jethro give up and died jest because he couldn't stand seein' it. When I named goin' back to the mountains to her, and seen the light and color o' life come back to her face that quick, I 'lowed it was on account of her folks; but now I know what it meant. Well' she's off safe, and I don't mind telling you, ma'am, *I'm—mighty glad—of it!*" He looked squarely and rather defiantly into the nurse's face, but she did not see him for the mist of tears that dimmed her eyes.

"My heart is sore," she murmured, brokenly; "I thought I loved the baby best, but, after all—she was the mother!"

"And, being the mother," said the young doctor, softly, "and very desolate, she has taken her own and is gone 'as a bird to the mountains!'"

. . . . . .

Some miles from town Lauretta turned aside from the traveled road into the woods, where she sat, with her head back against a great pine, and rested, panting with fatigue and fear. At last the child awoke. She stared into Lauretta's face with a puzzled frown, as if trying to recall a memory. "Mam, mam?" inquired the baby. "Mammy's lamb, mammy's baby!" cooed the mother, and the baby graciously smiled, poking a fat finger into the loving eyes above her. Lauretta seized the little hand, covering it with kisses; the baby stretched her dimpled limbs and sat up, pulling her mother's face down with investigating hands. "Honey, if mammy warn't 'fraid she'd skeer her child she'd hug you, oh, so hard! 'till the breath was most out'n yo' little body! But mammy ain't gwine to skeer her honey babe, no she ain't. Now let mammy put her coat on, an' she'll hunt sump'n to eat fer baby."

She spread her apron on the ground and set the child upon it. Then she unrolled the bundle, taking out a package of crackers and a can of condensed milk; a little bonnet and a frock of checked gingham, belonging to the baby in the old days. Poor Lauretta knew little enough about cutting and sewing, but fortunately the garments, being much too large when they were made, were not too small for the baby now.

The baby dressed, she opened the can of milk with a small knife, and poured some into a tin cup. The trickle of a tiny branch told of water close by. Carrying the baby, she soon found the stream and filled her cup; then going back to her bundle, she crumbled crackers in the milk, stirring the mixture till it was soft and pulpy, and fed the baby. The little one thoroughly enjoyed her breakfast, eating eagerly at first; then, when hunger was appeased, stopping occasionally to poke a fat finger into the puzzling face, so strange, yet so familiar, or to say "Mam, mam!" with a note of interrogation, smiling at the rapturous reply: "Mammy's lamb, mammy's baby!"

All this was bliss to Lauretta's soul, but bliss mingled with fear. She must get on; it was a long, long way to the mountains—to the dear cabin where her own mother would welcome her, and help her to care for the baby; the young brothers and sisters would delight to tend her, and in the sweet mountain air she would never be sick again. Oh, the Lord would surely be good to her and let her get home!

Poor Jethro, lying in his grave beneath the pines, was but a memory.

Lauretta's love and heart and soul belonged to the baby; her suffering at its loss had been intense; her joy at its recovery was so great that it drowned all recollection of trouble.

But she must be wary, for even now the nurse would be searching for the baby. Lauretta had a vague idea that if she were found, penitentiary for life would perhaps be the punishment for her crime. This poor child of the mountains was very ignorant. She could not even read or write, and kidnapping her own baby seemed to her a terrible crime, meriting a terrible punishment. If she were found—but Lauretta determined that she would not be found. Far off in the mountains—so high and so lonely—even the powerful Miss Lathrop could not find her.

Hope bearing up her tired feet, the child in her arms, the bundle on her back, she trudged on her way. The baby and mother held sweet converse, with broken words and babbling and gurgles of happy laughter. At last the baby grew sleepy, her head bobbed unsteadily on the little neck; she nestled against her mother's shoulder and slept.

The road was lonely, and Lauretta met no travelers. At noon she rested close to a branch where she could get water, and fed the baby, eating a little of the bread and milk herself, for she began to feel faint from hunger. She passed cabins, where tow-headed children came out to stare after her, and the inevitable yellow dog in the yard lifted his head from the dust to bark a dreary defiance; but she stopped at none of these, till advancing night compelled her to think of the baby. At dusk she came to a cabin set far back from the road. The light from its open door showed a woman busily preparing her evening meal. Lauretta went up to the gate of this dwelling, and after the "cracker" fashion, instead of entering, called "Hello!" in rather a shaky voice.

A boy of fifteen came out and politely invited her to enter. The woman, who had a pleasant face, was the only other occupant of the room. She was placing supper on the table. At the sight of the coffee, hot biscuits, and fried bacon Lauretta grew bold with hunger.

"I'm a-travelin'," she informed the woman. "My man died in the turpentine camps, and me and the baby air gwine back to the mountains. I'd be glad to stay all night, if it won't put ye out any."

"You're welcome," replied the woman of the house simply. "I see the baby's 'sleep; lay it on my bed, and set up and eat a bite." This Lauretta did with alacrity, devouring the hot food with such eagerness that her polite entertainers exchanged glances of mild wonder.

After supper the boy brought forth his books and began to study. He was her only child, his mother said, and, the teacher told her, head and shoulders above the other boys of his age at school.

"You kin read and write?" queried Lauretta, with awe; "then maybe you mought tell me how to find the nighest way to the mountains?"

"What mountains?" said the boy; "they's such a heap of 'em—the Himalayas and the Rocky Mountains, and the Alps and the Andes, and Mount Everest, and the highest mountain in the world, in Alaska, and heaps of others."

His mother regarded her son with looks of pride, and Lauretta thought he must know almost as much as the doctor and Miss Lathrop.

"I've hear'n 'em call our mountains the Blue Ridge," she said timidly. "We-uns come from North Ca'lina."

"North Ca'lina is a far ways," said the boy; "you ain't aimin' to walk it?"

"No, I'm aimin' to take the cyars some place. I got money 'nough for a ticket if I knowed where to get it."

"What's the name of the place you live at in North Ca'lina?" asked the boy.

"We-uns lives in the mountains, but pap hauls apples and taters to Ashby, twelve miles from home; if I git to Ashby I kin walk the balance of the way."

"Oh," said the boy, "all you got to do is to keep on till you get to Clayville—it's fifteen miles from here, and tell the ticket agent you want to go to Ashby, N. C. He'll tell you how to get there, all right."

"I'm more'n obliged to you," said Lauretta, gratefully; "it's fine to know how to read and write. I donno as I'd ever got home if you hadn't told me how."

The next morning after breakfast was eaten and the baby fed and bathed —her hospital experience had taught her the necessity of cleanliness—Lauretta started forth on her journey to Clayville. Her kind hostess had given her a package of food, and at noon she rested by the roadside, and ate, and fed the baby. A short hour of rest, then on again, for Clayville must be reached and the ticket for home secured. Walking was easier, for the road was now clay instead of sand. The country was more cultivated, too. She passed well-kept farms and comfortable dwellings. People in buggies and wagons passed her on the road. A kind-looking farmer, going to town with a load of "truck," offered her a ride, helping her and the baby up to the seat beside him. It was very pleasant to ride, even on a jolting wagon. Lauretta rested and the baby stared and babbled as she watched the horses.

"Mighty purty baby," said the man, admiringly. Lauretta glowed. "Boy or gal?"

"Gal," said Lauretta. "Her pappy's dead, an' me'n her air gwine up to the mountains—to my mammy."

"I 'low you aim to take the train at Clayville?" said the farmer.

"Yes, sir. Do you know when the train starts for Ashby, N. C.?"

"They's a train north leaves 'bout dark. I'll take ye to the depot and buy your ticket fer ye; 'tain't much, but it'll be helpin' ye along a little grain."

"Thanky, sir," replied Lauretta, simply.

Arriving at the station, she took the tobacco bag from her bosom, and gave the money to the stranger with perfect faith—faith in nowise misplaced, for after making minute inquiry concerning the route and buying the ticket, the farmer slipped two silver dollars of his own money in the bag, that she might have plenty of money for other needs. Then, finding the conductor of the outgoing train, he explained that Lauretta was a widow, all alone save for her baby, that she wished to go toAshby, N. C., and that the conductor must take special care of her, which he faithfully did.

Seated in the car, with the train going at full speed, Lauretta drew a breath of deep, exulting relief. Her baby was safe! The nurse and the law could never reach her in the mountains.

The long night in the uncomfortable day coach was over at last, and the conductor had seen Lauretta and her baby safely on the next train—the train that was to bear her straight to Ashby. She would arrive about noon, the conductor said.

When at last the train drew into the station how beautiful seemed the familiar scenes to Lauretta's eyes! The way plain now, she was almost home! A psalm of thanksgiving was singing in her heart as she set foot on her native soil.

She bought a bag of cakes for the baby from the station lunch counter, pinned a shawl tightly over the little one's head—the mountain air was chill —and set bravely forth on the weary stretch of road that lay between her and her father's house.

A mountaineer coming home from Ashby overtook her before she had walked many miles, and gave her a ride in his cart, as his road lay near her

home. When the slow-moving oxen stopped at the driver's "turning-off place" it was quite dark. There was only a short distance to walk. Lauretta hugged her baby close to her bosom. "Oh, precious," she whispered, rapturously, "we're here! We've done got home!"

Up the steep path she climbed, joy speeding her feet. The cabin door was closed to the chilly night, but she could hear the beloved voices within. The yard dog rose with a growl as she entered the gate—a growl which was quickly changed to a yelp of joy as she called to him softly. Creeping to the uncurtained window, she looked in. Her father sat before the blazing log fire, polishing a powder horn with a piece of broken glass; the children were roasting apples and sweet potatoes in the fire; in the chimney corner the mother stood beside her wheel, spinning the coarse yarn. And as she spun she softly sang one of the old songs—the songs from over-sea.

Earth had no higher joy to offer Lauretta. She opened the door and stood upon the threshold of her home!

(THE END.)

Apple Blossoms

Alonzo Rice

The Alpine peaks with crystal hoods of snow,
The ruins crowning heights along the Rhine,
Are views both beautiful and grand, I know;
But there's another closer home—and mine!
'T is where a brown old homestead nestles soft
Against a hill where broad fields stretch away,
And in the swaying branches, high aloft,
The robin gives to all his sweetest lay;
The scene is one of rapture and of bliss,
When breezes of the early summer blow,
And the red lips of apple blossoms kiss
The blue eyes of the violets below!

Let others fare to far-off distant climes,
Enraptured by each castle, crag and scaur,
The wonders of the olden, vanished times,
Of sunny scenes that sleep in isles afar;
Home-biding, let me wander here where swell
The flowered fields whose scented billows roll
With white caps of the daisies; winds that tell
The secret of the rose whose heart they stole;
That I for just one season may not miss
The beauties of the scene I cherish so;
When the red lips of the apple blossoms kiss
The blue eyes of the violets below!

Campaigning With Jeb Stuart

Col. G. N. Saussy

Chapter IX.

The Prelude to Gettysburg

THE finis of last chapter closed the battle of Upperville. The writer found his mount had cast a shoe, and to keep him in good condition necessitated its immediate replacement. In seeking a forge, he rode to the rear and found one at White Post. When nearing this cross-road, General Lee, accompanied by only one officer whose rank showed him to be a colonel of artillery, rode diagonally across the pike from the woods and again entered the timber on the other side of the road. This was the second and last time the writer ever saw General Lee in the army.

Securing the shoe on the horse, he returned to camp. There an order was issued to prepare five days rations. It was an easy guess, that meant a hard march and some days away from camp and wagons. The afternoon of June 24th, the bugles rang out "boots and saddles!" and soon the men were mounted and the column moved out. Five days rations make a bulky package and the haversacks of the troopers looked stouter and fatter that afternoon than they ever looked again. The column marched until night and went into a fireless and unpleasant bivouac.

At midnight the men were aroused and again set forth. The night had been rainy and disagreeable. By sunrise the clouds had dissipated and Old Sol came out refreshed by the washing. His advent above the eastern horizon found the marching column of Stuart's three brigades—Hampton's, Fitz Lee's and Rooney Lee's—in the jaws of Glascock's Gap, in the Bull Run Mountains. There the division was halted and scouts pushed down the defile. Soon some of them returned, bringing company with them. These proved enforced guests from General Hooker's army. Moving cautiously into and down the eastern entrance of the gap, we soon saw below us about a square mile of tents and wagons.

One of the captured videttes was a sergeant of a Philadelphia cavalry regiment. Noting the interest manifested by Stuart's troopers in the panorama below them, he volunteered: "Boys, there is more plunder down there, tools, blankets, haversacks and grub than you can possibly move!"

A great eagerness came to the lads in gray to get busy and investigate the statement of Sergeant Martin: and they expressed their desire in no uncertain terms.

"But," continued the cheerful Yankee sergeant, "there are 30,000 men to ride over before you can get them—*that's Hancock's corps.*"

There was then a reaction. Conservatism supplanted eagerness and the Confederate cavalry concluded to await orders.

Pretty soon we were again in motion and marched cautiously with scouts well to the front. These picked up stragglers and videttes and brought them in. The column turned to the left and was soon enveloped in the shades of a large body of timber. The column approached the pike without detection and the scouts reported Hancock's column moving east.

The Confederate cavalry got well upon the flank of the enemy's column on the pike. General Stuart called up Colonel P. M. B. Young, of the Cobb Legion, and directed him to take a squadron from each of Hampton's six commands and charge the enemy.

Colonel Young replied: "If it's all

the same to you, General, I would prefer to make a personal inspection before I make the attack." "All right," answered General Stuart. Young cautiously approached the pike and from his place of concealment satisfied himself Sergeant Martin's statement was correct, for before him was a massive column of infantry marching eastward.

Returning to General Stuart, Colonel Young reported: "I will do as you order, but I don't believe I will bring back more than twenty men." "Why, what's the matter?" asked the bronze-bearded cavalier. "Well, you order me to take the equivalent of a skeleton regiment and charge a corps d' armei," responded Young. "That's Hancock's corps on the pike." "That won't do; the order is recalled," replied General Stuart.

Turning to an aide, he said: "Bring up that artillery," pointing to a four-gun battery. Placing it in position, Stuart said, "Give it to them lively, boys," and the response was all that could be desired.

For nearly twenty minutes the Confederate battery had it all their way. The sudden attack upon the flank of the marching column caused confusion and consternation. But the troops were veterans and rallied after awhile. Getting guns in position they proceeded to reply rapidly to the Confederate fire.

After the loss of some battery horses, General Stuart gave the order, "cease firing"—"limber up," and his command moved back further into the thicket.

The thickets of Northern Virginia became a *bete noir* to the Federal troops. Mosby had several times ambushed them from these thickets and again had fled into them, leading his pursuers into a trap set for them; so that the Federal soldiers had a rather healthy dread of these thickets. Stuart was therefore not followed and the action ceased with the withdrawal of the artillery.

As stated in a former chapter, General Lee had selected the Valley route as the most feasible for the invasion of Pennsylvania. All of the cavalry of his army except Imboden's and Jenkins' brigades, was east of the Blue Mountains. Imboden was sent in a northwesterly direction to cut the Baltimore and Ohio railroad and to guard against any interruption upon General Lee's plans from that direction. Jenkins covered the front of the army as far as possible, while Stuart was charged with keeping the curtain east of the Blue Mountains intact against prying eyes.

General Stuart had apprised General Lee he believed he could seriously damage General Hooker's army and also impede its movements by moving with the bulk of his cavalry upon Hooker's rear.

General Lee referred the matter to General Longstreet, but directed in case Stuart carried out his plan, he must leave at least two of his five brigades to remain in touch with the main army.

The day (24th) the command had been ordered to prepare five days' travel rations, Stuart had determined to move for Hooker's rear. Hancock's presence in Thoroughfare Gap in the Bull Run Mountains, was an incident not expected in his itinerary, therefore the morning after the contact with Hancock on the pike, Stuart realized he would have to make a wide detour to avoid a clash with Hancock or some other corps of the Potomac Army. Therefore, he swung southeast from the bivouac near New Baltimore at day dawn of 26th, crossing the Orange and Alexandria railroad at Bristoe Station; beyond Brentsville, turned north again and took the road via Wolf Run Shoals, on the Occoquan, to Fairfax Court House.

During the day Stuart was in contact with Hancock, his scouts and pickets gathered up between twenty and thirty "boys in blue." These would be a burden and a care if taken along with the swift-marching column. Therefore he determined to send them to the rear.

A lieutenant whom he released from duty was given a detail of four men to escort the prisoners back to Culpepper and deliver them to the provost officer there.

Lieutenant S. parted with the column at daylight; he with his small guard and the prisoners moving southwest, while Stuart led his men southeast. A heavy fog enveloped the country. The escort with the prisoners had proceeded but a short distance when they encountered a party of Confederate scouts, who informed them they had, in the fog, almost ridden into a regiment of the enemy's cavalry and apprised the officer the enemy was but a short distance from him. The lieutenant acted promptly; marching his prisoners some distance off the pike, he ordered them to lie down with their faces to the ground; he placed two of his four men over them with instructions to drive the sabre through the first man who should attempt to turn over or to get up—not to use their pistols except in the utmost necessity.

Taking the two other troopers he moved back to the pike. Dismounting, the three hitched their horses and proceeded up the pike. They crept through the woods close upon the flank of the regiment, and getting a gool position, opened as rapid a fire as they could with their pistols and each yelled to the full capacity of his lungs. The surprise was complete and the blue troopers vacated, not standing on the order of their going and giving the lieutenant and his convoy the right of way. He returnel to where he had "*bivouaced*" his prisoners and promptly resumed his march.

In due time he reached Warrenton, forded the Upper Rappahannock at Fauquir White Sulphur Springs and the next evening turned his prisoners over to the provost of the post at Culpepper.

Amongst these prisoners was a major who took his capture very ungraciously and harbored bad blood against the young officer who had convoyed the prisoners from near New Baltimore to Culpepper.

When about to part with his "friends the enemy," with accentuated venom, the blue-coated Major said: "I hope, sir, we shall meet again before this little trouble is ended!"

"I certainly will enter no protest; in fact, I hope we may," answered the young lieutenant, "but you won't witness any thing like this."

"Like what?" queried the Yankee major.

"Why, five of your men taking thirty Confederates to the rear and meeting and driving a regiment of our men off the road and safely delivering the prisoners to the provost." Then the Yankee major was like the boy the calf ran over—he had nothing further to say.

To compass this wide divergence, it became necessary to move rapidly. A number of horses gave out in this speedy march and the unfortunate troopers started for the rear leading their broken-down mounts. The command reached Fairfax Court House, where Hampton had a sharp encounter with "Scott's Nine Hundred," under Major Pennington. Hampton sent the gallant First North Carolina Cavalry, under Major Whitaker, at the "Nine Hundred." Whitaker was killed leading the charge, but Hampton gathered in eighty of Scott's men, routing the balance. On to the Potomac pressed the column, passing through Dranesville, deflecting thence to Rowser's Ford on the Border river. This ford was difficult and the Potomac wide and perilously deep and swift for a ford. But time was an important essence, so into the water of the dividing river the troopers plunged. Those who first essayed its passage found the stream so deep they reported that the artillery could not cross and the ammunition in the limber chests not receive damage. This was a serious quandary. Artillery with damaged ammunition would be useless.

The resourceful Stuart met the prob-

lem by emptying the chests and committed the ammunition to tried and trusted troopers to take over in their arms.

This, gentle reader, was no small labor, as the ford was deep, wide and difficult and the passage must be accomplished that night. These brave and trusted troopers successfully accomplished this dangerous task, and the whole command was safely across by 3 o'clock the next morning, and again the daring raider was on the Maryland side of the Potomac. In the passage of the river, at times the guns were completely submerged, so deep was the water; but without the loss of a man, a gun, or any of the ammunition, the whole command safely made the transit. Major H. B. McClellan, Stuart's able adjutant general, writes: "Energy, endurance and skill, were taxed to the utmost, but the crossing was effected, and so silently, that the nearest neighbors were not aware of it until daylight."

Here the Chesapeake and Ohio canal borders the Potomac. This was an important artery of supply to the Federal capital, also to Hooker's army. A number of boats, some containing troops and supplies, were captured. The sun was several hours high when the march was resumed, with Hampton in the advance. After midday the command reached Rockville and here a halt was ordered to destroy the telegraph line, as well as secure supplies, for be it remembered Stuart's command was literally a flying column. Ambulances and artillery were the only things on wheels accompanying this rapidly marching column.

At Rockville a small force was encountered, but which was speedily scattered. Intelligence reached Stuart of the approach, from Washington, of a large supply train of wagons. Lieutennt Thomas Lee, of Second South Carolina, with four men of his regiment, dashed after the train and routed the guard. The teams composing the rear of the train, hearing the disturbance in their front, and seeing their guards dashing with all speed for Washington, twelve miles distant, turned and started for the rear. But Lee and his small detachment headed them off and the whole train of 125 six-mule wagons fell a capture to Stuart. In this train also were several sutler wagons.

The command turned northward late that afternoon and at night bivouaced near a cross-road village. The writer, as soon as he had stripped his horse, called to his messmate and blanket-fellow and said: "Bill, let us go back to the village and try for some grub." We moved afoot promptly and at the first house we called up the proprietor and courteously asked if we could get some provisions. The householder was evidently scared, but replied that he would see. Soon he returned with a supply of bread and cold ham, to the great delight of these two hungry troopers.

We then started back for the bivouac. Soon we heard voices approaching and knew it to be from some of our command bound for the cross roads on the same mission that had impelled the aforesaid two troopers.

These two lads could not resist the impulse for a little fun. Concealing themselves on the side of the road in the bushes, when the detachment got near, in a loud voice demanded "Halt!" But they did not halt, but put on express speed for the bivouac and gave the alarm. The two boys who had sent them back in such a skurry, got to the camp without detection and heard the others relate their lucky escape from capture.

The next morning early the march was resumed, convoying the big captured train, reaching Westminster, Md., that evening. Here the advance had a tacit engagement with the First Delaware Cavalry, which was quite costly to the enemy.

During the halt the day before at

Fairfax Court House, some hospital stores fell into Stuart's possession. A trooper from the writer's command was directed to see what could be procured of service to his troop. This detail returned with a sack of plunder for distribution amongst his comrades.

Inspection showed his share of the captured stores consisted of packages of prepared starch, such as is used in making custards and like relishes for the sick and convalescing.

This stuff was not of much service to rapidly marching troopers. The second day of our march in Maryland one of these troopers who had accepted one of the packages of prepared starch, got tired of the useless stuff and called out, "Who wants this?" The writer said: "Don't throw it away; give it to some of the people along the road." One of the troopers said, "give it to me." He took the box (about the size of an ordinary brick) and after some work twisted one corner of the parcel off. Just then we approached a farm house right upon the roadside. In the door stood a young lady in her Sunday summer dress. Her countenance indicated the Confederate cavalry was unwelcome.

The trooper who held the package of starch with excellent accuracy propelled the box toward the door. The contents, a fine, dry loose flour, streamed out like the smoke from the burning fuse of a shell.

The writer yelled to the young woman, "bung shell!" just as it struck the door-sill and bursting, the contents enveloped the lassie in a cloud of white dust.

Believing the cry was correct and that a shell had burst at her feet, she collapsed, falling backward upon the floor.

No harm beyond a shock from fright and a superabundance of starch ensued to the young lady, but the boys in gray gave a great yell at the success of the harmless shell.

Stuart packed his big captured train in the suburbs of Westminster and there secured some supplies for his men and their mounts and allowed them a greatly needed night's rest.

Reveille

J. T. Hudson

Wake, Soldier!
Lo, o'er the Eastern skies
Shoot up the argent arrows of the dawn,
Wake! For the drum-beat bids arise!
Wake! Face the duty of the morn!
Rouse! Tho' rude be the awaking
From dreams of loved ones and of home,
Wake, soldier, wake, the day is breaking
And Duty calls thee! Soldier, come!

Wake, Soldier!
See the dank, dim shadows lifting,
Their murky folds and from afar
The dark, fog clouds are slowly drifting;
Faint and more faint the morning star,
Again the drum-beat! Comrade, wake thee
Gird on the battle sword again!
Wake, soldier, now betake thee
To thy proud station in the van!

Wake, Soldier!
For now thy country calls thee!
Protect her honor and the right!
Onward march! Whate'er befalls thee—
Thou art a soldier! Thou must fight!
Wake, soldier, wake! Perhaps no more
The drum-beat's call at break of day
Shall wake thee! Flecked with gore
Thou'll sleep from loved ones far away!

Some Reminiscences From Men on the Firing Line

[All the tales of the Civil War have not been written nor told.

Watson's Magazine proposes to publish each month short narratives from those who actually took part in the "War of the '60's." In fighting their battles over,, the old Veteran will be surprised first, then gratified at the eager interest with which their tales are read.

We hope our old Confederate Veterans will send in their recollections; their wartime anecdotes, the history of the foraging tours, their brief romances, and all the data which went to make up the lives of "the Boys in Gray" in '61-'65.—The Editor.]

Is the Magazine on Fire?—A War Incident of 1861

In the fall of 1861 our company was detailed to construct and man a battery at Cockpit Point, Prince William county, Virginia, a high bluff on the Potomac river. It was the blockading battery nearest to Washington, and mounted three sixty-two pound cannons. From the very start the enemy's gunboats, lying in the river above and coming down from Washington, kept things very lively for us in their frequent attempts to "shell us out" and our men were kept correspondingly busy at their guns. Some of the Yankee boats carried mortars and used bombs weighing one hundred and sixty pounds, and which contained about a half gallon of some sort of fluid which scattered fire when the bomb exploded. Sometimes a dozen boats would appear and pay their respects to us in this unpleasant way, occasionally assisted by a long-range battery of Whitworth guns, which the enemy had placed on the crest of a hill on the opposite Maryland shore. So "the nights (and days) were filled with music," but we didn't "fold our tents like the Arab," for we had but few tents and lived mostly in holes in the ground—these were safer.

This row was kept up all winter into the following spring, when Cockpit Point was abandoned along with other batteries on the river, and our command was moved to Yorktown. One of the notable incidents was the escape of the frigate Hartford, afterwards famous as Admiral Farragut's flagship, at the capture of Mobile. One dark and very foggy night the Hartford, escorted by several gunboats, ran past our batteries and disappeared down the river, none of our shells hitting her.

But to my story. Our powder magazine was a rude one-story structure, built out of pine logs, the roof covered with dirt several feet thick. On the sides were two or three small openings to admit a little light and air. The dirt floor was covered with rough boards, and along the walls the powder kegs were placed. About ten thousand pounds of powder were kept on hand. Each keg was covered with a movable lid. A narrow passage led out to one of the gun pits, and a heavy door closed the opening. I had charge of the magazine. When a fight was on I was among my powder kegs, filling the flannel bags with the needed ten-pound charges and passing them out to the so-called "powder monkeys," the men who supplied the gunners. I could see but dimly, and sometimes the smoke-filled air was stifling. One time, while so engaged, I felt a tremendous shock, followed by an ominous stillness. I made my way into the outer passage and through the smoke saw that the door had been blown away, the huge gun dismounted and wrecked, and not a man in sight. I crawled out and jumped on the parapet. I saw a number of my comrades peering from behind rocks and trees, some distance beyond the outer breastworks. Our commander of

the post, Captain Frobel, called to me as I stood a moment on the embankment: "Is the magazine on fire?" I replied: "I think not, sir, but I will go and see." I jumped back, crawled through the outer passage, made my way to my precious kegs, covered the few that had been uncovered and crawled out again. On the way out I discovered a pile of empty flannel bags in one corner of the passage, and on the pile lay the fragments of the bag that was in the gun when the gun exploded and which had been hurled into the passage. I could tell the bag was still smoking, and with both hands I smothered the few sparks which still lingered around the edges of the rag. It was all the work of a few minutes. Jumping back upon the parapets, I shouted that everything was safe and the magazine not on fire. The men came rushing back with shouts and an old-time "Rebel yell." Strange to relate, not a man of the gun crew had been killed or even seriously wounded. It seems that when the gun exploded, at the same time one of the big bombs from the gunboats fell on the roof of the magazine but without exploding. The smoke from our wrecked gun, driven into the magazine, poured out of the openings in the sides of the wall, and the men in the other batteries, in the rush and roar of things, thought that the magazine had caught fire, hence the mad rush for places of refuge from the expected catastrophe.

Our commandant, afterwards colonel of artillery, and who had been an officer in the U. S. Navy at the breaking out of the war, thanked me for what I had done on the spur of the moment, but I told him I had only done my duty as a soldier.

In a few days we rigged up a "Quaker gun," as a substitute for the wrecked gun, deceiving the enemy as to our loss by pointing a big black log through the embrasure in a very threatening manner. In a few weeks afterwards a genuine sixty-two pounder arrived from Richmond, which continued to do good service against the gunboats until orders came to abandon the battery and go to Yorktown.

CHARLES W. HUBNER.

Atlanta, Ga.

Third Chapter of the Six Langley Brothers, Veterans of the Sixties

In the second chapter we left Longstreet's command at Knoxville, Tenn. D. A. and E. B. Langley were there in bivouac when McLane's division made the attack upon the fort, and was forced to desist from the fact that Bragg's loss of Missionary Ridge compelled Longstreet to move eastward to Morristown and vicinity, in East Tennessee, for winter quarters. We have read of much suffering and severe duty, but that winter spent in East Tennessee beat the record for poor rations. The command had no communication either way and was compelled to forage for subsistence, and make shoes for those that were barefooted. Clothing was getting ragged and our rations were from sick wheat and oats mixed for bread. Our cattle had become very poor. Our butcher told me that those that were the poorest were butchered first. Not an eye of grease could be seen upon the pot when boiled. Shoemakers were detailed from their commands to make shoes from leather just taken out of the vats. Millers were also detailed to grind such grain as could be procured. Thus we eked out a cold and bleak winter.

As the spring season approached we were moved further east—to Bull's gap—about the last of April, '64, we were ordered to Gordonsville, Va., by way of Bristol. On the third and fourth of May we were again in Virginia. On the fifth fighting began in the Wilderness. On the morning of the sixth we were hurried at quick march for about five miles, where Gen. Lee had a use for Longstreet's corps. The battle was

on in earnest, and Anderson's brigade had just been forced back. The boys were falling back, some wounded and others out of ammunition. Gen. Anderson was called "Tige" by his men, and Gen. Benning was dubbed "Old Rock" by his men. As Tige's men fell back they met old "Rock's" brigade going in. "Tige's" boys said to "Old Rock's," "Boys, hurry up; 'Rock's' Tige's treed." The contest was stubborn. Law's brigade with the 47th Alabama was ushered in, and we were badly served up. I was struck by three balls while standing near the same place, but not one brought the blood. After this stand we were moved to the left and detached, the 47th alone facing, apparently, a whole brigade of Federals. Here we were overwhelmed and gave up the position with heavy loss in killed and captured.

At this place I was wounded in the right arm and side, though not seriously, from 10 a. m. to 4 p. m. We suffered greatly in the Wilderness. Being wounded on the 6th, I was sent to Howard Grove Hospital. After a few days I obtained a furlough and came home.

Grant pressed on Lee and next made a stand at Spottsylvania Court House. There on the 8th, 9th and 10th made fight. Field's division occupied a desirable point on Lee's line, and Gen. Warren massed his troops for the assault in front of our brigade, and the 47th Regiment. Here he made twelve efforts to carry the position, but failed. Our boys told me that you could have walked on the dead in their front. Those who have read the history of that spring and summer know something of Grant's "on to Richmond." D. A. Langley, the orderly sergeant, was in command of his company during my absence at Cold Harbor and Deep Bottom. Here he had a close call. In the rear of their line of works at one place a shell passed in and through one side of his fly tent, and he under the other side. The company boys thought he was mangled, but he emerged from under the rags—not soiled. Some very serious happenings occurred, also some very laughable stories in this vicinity during '62. The chaplains of several regiments established a camp off from the soldiers' lines. Some ten or fifteen had gathered one morning. The Federal pickets commenced firing not far off. The preachers struck out on a double quick. Soon they were called to a halt by Gen. McGruder, who asked "whose command is that?" They replied, "God's command." The old General replied, "The Hell you say; you're a damned long ways from headquarters." He moved on.

During the fall of '63 the demand for troops in Alabama was so urgent that another brother of the family, Manning J. Langley, volunteered at the age of 18 years, he being the fifth to enter the service. He was sent to Columbus, Ga., where he, with others, did guard duty over government property, war equipment, etc. About the middle of October '63, Capt. Slaughter, of the 38th Tennessee, came home on sick furlough. Learning that M. J. Langley was in bad health, he procured a transfer to the 38th Tennessee Regiment, where his company was in service. This addition to his company made three of the Langley brothers in the Tennessee Army, then in the vicinity of Chattanooga and routes to Dalton, Ga.

After Bragg's loss at Missionary Ridge J. E. Johnston commanded the Army of Tennessee. This regiment did much hard service during the fall of '63, bridge building and skirmish fighting. The campaign ended with a quiet of two or three months, but the spring campaign opened up with almost continual marching and fighting near Dalton, Ga., and on to Resaca, Ga. There M. J. Langley had a close call. His lieutenant, Nelson, was killed by his side by the explosion of a shell which bloodied him over, cut his face in places and contused one knee so he could

hardly go to the rear. After a few days he recovered so he could return to his command and report for duty.

June and July, '64, was a terrible campaign for the 38th Tennessee Regiment. Johnson was outnumbered by the Federals. He fought and retreated. On the 28th of July, at East Point, M. J. was again wounded—shot through the foot. This wound gave him a furlough home for some time. During his absence the command had many encounters with the enemy. At one time much confusion prevailed with both commands, and George W. Langley, being somewhat deaf, failed to understand the command and was captured, but on the exchange of prisoners he was shifty enough to get in the number to be exchanged, and his stay with the enemy was very short and he soon went to his company for further duty.

So ends the third chapter. The sixth and youngest will appear in the fourth chapter. E. B. Langley.

Another of the "Thin Gray Line"

It is with much gratitude that I notice your novel way of allowing us "of the thin gray line" to recall again some of our experiences of those days which tried men's souls. You may feel to some extent the reward that comes to one who touches the responsive chord of the old soldier heart, with acts as gracious as those extended by your magazine in publishing their letters, which, figuratively speaking, are like the old camp fire tales of "other days." But it is only given to us, who remain, and still recall those stirring scenes, to fully appreciate the magnanimousness of the opportunity thus given to tell each other, and others, too, some of the things we saw and done.

I was a private in Company D, 47th Georgia, under command of Col. Gilbert Williams, who has a monument to his memory in Laurel Grove cemetery, Savannah, but, in the hearts of his men he has a monument not of marble, but one which will last until the taps sound for the last rest of every private or officer in the old 47th Georgia. We were in Jackson, Miss., moving under order to relieve Gen. Pendleton, at Vicksburg, on July 3rd, '63. We reached the Big Black river on the evening of July 3rd; next day we started back to Jackson, as Gen. Pendleton had surrendered. We went into trenches on west side of Jackson; Cobb's Battery was to our right. It was concealed by brush and was in noway visible to the enemy approaching. Grant's army was advancing. I never saw a Yankee before, but they looked fine—advancing in martial array. Our boys were eager to see the sight of them. It was a dress parade—they lost all sense of danger. We left our guns in the trench and when the enemy was within about 100 yards something happened. Now, we didn't know it was going to happen, and neither did the Yankee's—but what seemed to them to be a green batch of innocent foliage, concealed the massed battery of the daring Cobb, belching from the throats of fifteen or twenty death-dealing cannons, shot and shell was poured into the ranks of the beautiful advancing foe. And lo and behold consternation ruled—they advanced in order at the marching rate of about 122 steps to the minute, carrying their guns in tactic order, and their flags of artistic design waving with graceful folds to the summer breeze, but in less time than it takes me to pen these lines, they were marching—no, that's not the word —stampeding suits better—at the rate of 1,220 steps per minute. Well, something else happened. We of the 47th saw a chance for a foot race over the breastworks. Not heeding the danger of Cobb's guns, we took after the fleeing Yankees; we caught a bunch of them and captured seven stands of colors. It was no trouble to capture the flags, as the color bearers found them too heavy to run with and they were dropped on

the ground. Cobb's battery had to cease firing until our regiment could be forced to return behind the breastworks, but each brought with him a Yankee, and they were glad to come in our company for they seemed to know they were safe from the death-dealing missiles from the concealed guns of the fearless Cobb.

With greetings to all who followed Lee in our lost cause, and best wishes for your success, both personally and for your fearless magazine, I am,

Sincerely yours,
J. B. Mock,
Private Co. D, 47th Ga.
Savannah, Ga.

Corporal Dick

It was the vogue among the Yankee newspapers to speak in the most flattering terms of the coon contingent of their armies during the Civil War, when the aforesaid "Raccoon Rangers" had been made drunk and driven at the point of the bayonet in the hands of their white soldiers upon the Confederate line of battle. The poor black devils, under these circumstances, were "between the devil and the deep sea." They were forced to go forward and take a killing at the hands of the Confederates or be impaled with a bayonet by their own rear guard, if they failed to go forward. So they had to go up against our boys and received their withering fire, which usually left the earth strewn with their carcasses. On these occasions the Union press was wont to remark: "The colored troops fought nobly."

The foregoing paragraph is written to give the young an idea how the North used the negro as a cat's-paw, and the methods of cajolery and force used to make him "set to the saw."

Early in December, 1864, a large force of the enemy landed at the mouth of Coosawhatchie river, near Pocatalligo, S. C. It was composed mainly of negroes and marines. Their purpose was to tap the railroad, and thus cut off communication between Savannah and Charleston.

My regiment, the 5th Georgia Volunteers, with some other troops, were sent to repel the attack. The country in this section is low and marshy. Before the war it had been a rice farm, but had grown up in pine, generously interspersed with brambles, making it somewhat difficult for an army to operate in, especially for artillery and cavalry. Nearer the coast the land was covered with a tall sage or marsh grass. The enemy had disembarked 4,000 or 5,000 troops, mostly negroes, who marched out into the grass and concealed themselves. A considerable force of Confederates was thrown out as a skirmish line, and unwittingly fell into the ambuscade that had been set for them. The Yankee line rose and poured a deadly volley, point blank, into our ranks. The men being mostly militia, broke and hastily fell back upon the river, following the open, sage-covered field.

My regiment was stationed behind the railroad track, the pine orchard lying between it and the firing line. When the militia gave way the enemy pressed straight forward through the mass of pine and undergrowth. As they approached the railroad my company (B), and Company E were thrown forward as skirmishers. Having had a four-years experience in this class of warfare, these two companies, with the advantage of a dense undergrowth and a skillful manipulation of their arms, checked the enemy. The skirmish line was then reinforced, and became an aggressive line of battle. During a series of charges and counter-charges, the fusilade was so hot it mowed down the undergrowth and many pines twelve or fifteen feet in height were hewn down by the musketry fire. As the enemy was driven back we found many dead and wounded negroes.

When the fight began, and they,

thinking the day would be easily won, raised the cry: "Remember Fort Pillow!" They chanted their defiance prematurely. As they had thrown down the gauntlet, declaring for no quarter, our boys gave their wounded and prisoners the *coup de grace*. You must understand we did not recognize a negro as a soldier, but rather as a rebel slave, who deserved death whenever or wherever captured. I have seen 50,000 or more white Federal prisoners, but never saw a Yankee negro prisoner.

We slept on our arms that night. It fell to my lot to stand on a vidette post. Near my post was a dead negro soldier, lying flat of his back with a bullet hole in the neck. He was a thick-set, bullet-headed patriot, with a nose well spread out on his face, and lips that would be the envy of any burnt-cork artist. He wore a fine head of corkscrew ringlets about a quarter of an inch long and a corporal's chevarons.

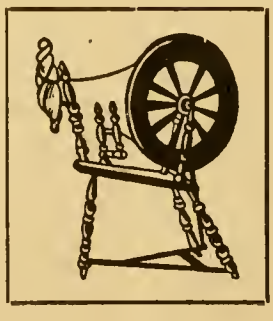
When the corporal of the guard came to relieve me I called his attention to my dead neighbor. By the light of the moon he could distinguish that the Senegambian was a corporal. He said, in recognition of the rank he bore: "Why, yes, I've heard of Corporal Dick before, and I am really glad to meet him under such favorable auspices." As was the custom and usages of war, he proceeded to Thenardier him. In his right-hand pocket he had three months' pay in crisp, new greenbacks; in the other pants pocket he had a combination knife, fork and spoon, and some composition sutler's checks. But the windfall was yet to come. In his haversack we found plenty of hard-tack and "sowbosom" and some gimcracks from sutler's store. His canteen, a quart measure, was filled with New England rum. Notwithstanding we were all prohibitionists and Methodists, it was agreed we should severally and collectively fall from grace, by drinking the rum to the repose of poor Corporal Dick's soul. All these things which Corporal Dick so recklessly exposed to the chances and fortunes of war were just such things as we had not seen for many sleeps. Our poor, bleeding, dying government could not afford us such good things as the rich and puissant Federal government gave even to her buffalo soldiers, so you may imagine how we hungry and thirsty men of war devoured the unfortunate corporal's rations.

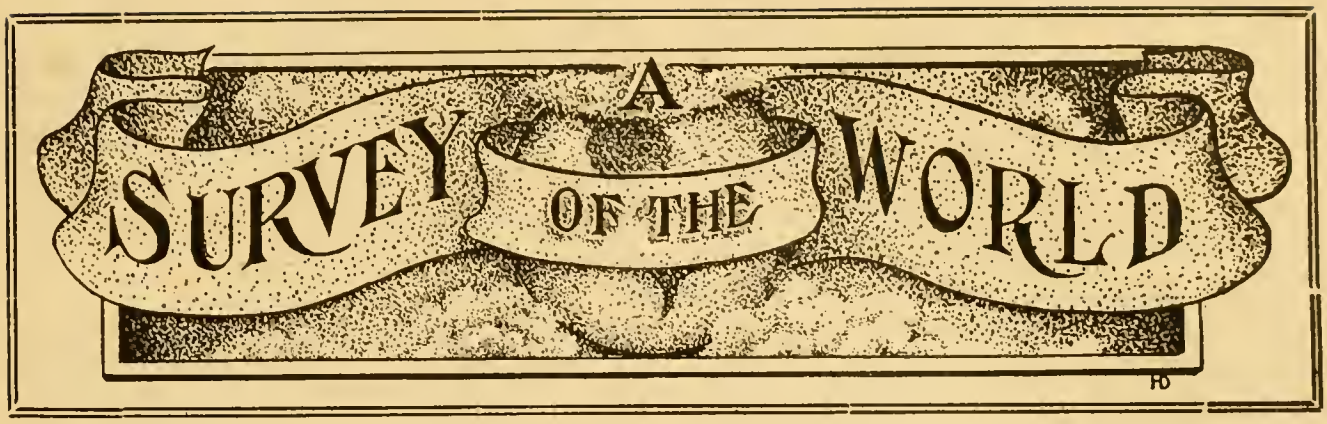
Jim Collins, our corporal of the guard, after communing with Corporal Dick's spiritual comfort rather freely, wrote the following epitaph for the dead, dusky corporal:

"Here lies Corpor'l Dick and his gun
A victim to a predilection.
He should have known how to run—
In the other-home direction."

F. Marion Welborn.

McDonough, Ga.





By THE EDITOR

IT was only a few weeks ago that Dick Achilles Ballinger was addressing some college boys; and was declaring, with great confidence, that it was impossible to keep a good man down. You may remember some jocose comments of mine on this subject, in the March number of this magazine. Dick's utterances appealed powerfully to my sense of the ridiculous, and I fairly roared with laughter as I read that speech of his and took another glance at the gnarled face which shows up so often in the newspapers. Really, Dick ought to quit having his picture taken. It is almost equivalent to a voluntary confession in open court.

Alas Dick has resigned. He most frequently and vehemently swore that he wouldn't: but he did. It's right funny, the way some of these official crooks quit, after having said so often and so earnestly that they meant to stay, indefinitely. Somewhat like the frail lady in *Don Juan*, who, vowing that she would never consent, consented.

* * *

President Taft will not outlive the odor of Ballinger. It is a perfume that will cling, adhere, persist, pervade, linger, persevere and hang around.

Remember the facts:

Ballinger was Land Commissioner; and, as such, came into possession of the Government's secrets. Resigning his office, he violated the law by taking land-cases *against* the Government. As attorney for the Cunningham claimants, he filed with the Secretary of the Interior (Garfield) an affidavit that *he knew* was perjured. He took a fee for doing so.

Then, when Mr. Taft became President, this unspeakable Ballinger was snatched out of obscurity and was made Secretary of the Interior. J. P. Morgan, the Guggenheim bandits, and some other scoundrels wanted a man in the Cabinet through whom they could grab power-sites along our rivers and immensely valuable coal-lands in Alaska. Ballinger had no sooner been sworn in, as Secretary, than he began his dirty work. He dismissed an experienced lawyer who had made a special study of the Cunningham claims, and employed young Sheridan, who never had tried a case in court, and who seemingly hasn't enough sense to go in out of the rain. The very first thing that Sheridan did, was to surrender to the Cunningham lawyers all the secrets of the Government's case, *and give them all the time they asked for to tamper with the Government's witnesses.*

In other words, Ballinger surrendered the Government's case to his clients, the Morgan - Guggenheim thieves!

* * *

Had it not been for one honest, fearless employee, in the Department of the Interior, the Morgan-Guggenheim thieves would have secured, for $50,000, public property easily worth $50,000,000, according to the sworn statement of

the thieving syndicate's own expert. But Louis R. Glavis was honest and was fearless; and he sounded the alarm. He knew what the cost would be; but he acted the hero, nevertheless. President Taft made a most deplorable record in this matter. He fired Glavis; he fired Pinchot; and he signed a letter which Oscar Lawler, Ballinger's own lawyer, wrote in exoneration of Dick, his boss. In this exoneration of Ballinger, Mr. Taft asserted that he had before him the written opinion of Wickersham, our learned Attorney-General. Mr. Taft did not have any such document before him when he said he did. The written opinion of Wickersham—a printed screed of 90 pages—was not prepared until many weeks afterwards.

Oscar Lawler has resigned. Dick Ballinger has resigned. And Mr. Taft sins against the light by again professing the utmost confidence in Ballinger—whom everybody else knows to be a foiled rascal.

DO you remember the 23 Democrats in Congress, who, on the 15th of March, 1909, went over to old Joe Cannon, and saved his machine from shipwreck? As Cannon himself declared, (in his speech to the Knife and Fork Club, of Kansas City,) if the Democrats had acted in unison, it would have been impossible for the Republicans to have passed the infernal Payne-Aldrich bill. The 23 Democratic deserters filled the gap in the stand-pat line, made by the defection of the Insurgents.

You will recall that in scoring these 23 Democratic deserters who had betrayed the people to the Interests, I predicted that they had not only been promised control of patronage in their districts, but had been assured they would be taken care of, by the Republican administration in case they were repudiated by their constituents.

See how the prediction is being verified:

Pussy-foot Bill Howard, of the Eighth Georgia district, was one of those infamous Deserters. We made war on him, and defeated him. *President Taft has salved his wound, by giving him a place on the Tariff Board.*

Lon Livingston will get something equally remunerative.

THE internicene strife of Mexico appears to be nearing a climax. The Diaz government is tottering. His merciless, despotic methods no longer succeed. The anchor which he cast to windward—his lavish concessions to American freebooters—may become the source of his greatest peril. Such men as J. P. Morgan may compel our Government to take charge of Mexican affairs, in the interest of "Dollar Diplomacy." It is significant that Morgan's secret trip to Washington was followed so soon by the concentration of Federal troops on the Mexican border. Just as British soldiers have frequently fought for the Rothschilds, American soldiers are expected to fight for Wall Street. The word of Morgan goes further with our Government than does the voice of all others, combined.

THE short session of Congress accomplished little. Its great achievement was, the retention of William Lorimer.

The evidence taken by the Investigating Committee proved that Lee O'Neill Browne, the Democratic leader of the Illinois legislature, controlled between 30 and 40 votes. These were all delivered to Lorimer, the Republican. It was shown that Browne had two meetings of his followers in St. Louis. At one of these gatherings, the Browne legislators were paid $1,000 apiece. At another, the patriots were paid $900, each.

Besides these, seven other members of the Illinois legislature were paid special prices to vote for Lorimer—as they themselves confessed. Lorimer was present, in Springfield, throughout this

orgy of bribery and cynical debauchery of legislators. He was in constant touch with Lee O'Neill Browne. He himself "juggled," in private, with some of the bribed voters.

Yet, in spite of this sworn testimony, Senator Bailey, of Texas, became the rampant champion of Lorimer; and was followed by Senators Tillman, Bankhead, Fletcher, Watson, Smith, Paynter, Johnston and Simmons.

In every recent instance when the worst element of the Republican party has escaped annihilation, *the escape has been due to Southern Congressmen!* How do you account for it?

PRESIDENT TAFT has called an extra session of Congress to convene on April 4th. This is the most important step that the Federal Government has taken since the Civil War. In my judgment, it marks the beginning of a new era in legislation. The ravenous combinations of capital have had a long carnival of loot and rottenness; but it is coming to an end. *The people* will govern henceforth; and no such enormities as the Carnegie fortune, the Robafeller billions, and the Morgan-Guggenheim exploitations will be possible. Indeed, it wouldn't surprise me, in the least, if we tried the experiment of putting a limit to the size of the fortunes of these multi-millionaires.

Ordinary processes of law are unable to reach these big, defiant, resourceful capitalists. *The people* (the original source of law and of punishment), will some day revolt against these barbarous, pitiless oppressors.

IN the interest of Dollar Diplomacy, our Federal Government has negotiated a new treaty with Japan, in which there is no provision excluding Jap immigration.

It cannot too often be pointed out that the Federal Government has no constitutional right to curtail the police powers of a sovereign State. California can legally exclude Chinks and Japs, and the Federal Government is powerless to interfere.

IN many instances, Senator Taliaferro, of Florida, has voted with the Republicans, on most important measures. Faithfully, he served the Lumber Trust, incidentally filling his own pocket. As soon as Old Man Peepul got a whack at Taliaferro, in a primary, he was signally repudiated. But the Republicans will take care of him: he is named to succeed Aldrich on the Monetary Commission. Like Congressman Howard, of Georgia, the traitor enters in his reward for the betrayel of his constituents.

THE Constitution of the United States makes no provision for *the acceptance* of a Senator's resignation. His *act*, in tendering his resignation, completes the business. The moment he signs a statement *that he resigns*, and mails it to the Governor, or sends it to the Vice-President, he ceases to be a Senator. Neither the Governor nor the Vice-President has any constitutional authority to accept, or to refuse, such a resignation. It consequently follows that when Joseph W. Bailey wrote out his resignation, forwarded it to the Vice-President, and telegraphed the Governor of Texas that he had resigned, *HE HAD*. In law, nothing more was needed to vacate the Senatorial seat. It was not in Bailey's power to recall *his act*, any more than he could re-call a clap of thunder, or annihilate the spoken word of the hour before.

* * *

In constitutional law, a U. S. Senator is the legislative ambassador of a sovereign member of the State-made confederation of separate, independent States. *The people* of the State, elect these Senatorial ambassadors. Therefore, it is practically impossible for the Senator to offer his resignation to the

electorate to whom he owes his position. He is not anybody's *appointee:* his decision to resign needs no co-operation on the part of any other official, in order for it to take effect. Like the signing and delivery of a deed, the written resignation operates to vacate the office the instant that the paper leaves the possession of the Senator.

OUR millionaire Ambassador to Great Britain truthfully declared that his duties consisted of entertaining and being entertained. Receptions and banquets were the Alpha and Omega of his diplomatic strenuousities. One would think that Mr. Reid might represent this Government at the approaching coronation of King George V. But Mr. Taft has decided that we must have a special ambassador for that occasion; and he has chosen another millionaire for the role. John Hayes Hammond, who plays golf and other games with Mr. Taft, is to enjoy the distinction of specially representing us in London, when the new King is formally oiled, crowned, ensceptered, and so forth.

Inasmuch as Mr. Hammond is now being sued, on charges involving fraud, forgery and betrayal of trust, he would seem to be an ideal man to represent this Wickersham - Ballinger - Morganheim-Sugar Trust administration.

THE Lorimer case is almost certain to become as famous as the Credit Mobilier scandal. There is the strongest grounds for believing that *money was used as lavishly, in the U. S. Senate,* as the evidence shows it was used in the Illinois legislature.

Therefore, we reprint a portion of the uncontradicted testimony taken by the Senatorial Committee, of which Joe Bailey was a member. By way of preface, I mention again the fact that Lee O'Neill Browne controlled 30 or more votes in the legislature; that every one of these votes were delivered to Lorimer; and that each of these Democrats who cast their ballots for Lorimer, the Republican, was paid $1,900 for doing so. The bribes were given in St. Louis, $1,000 at one time, and $900 at another.

How the Southern Senators who voted for Lorimer's retention of his seat in the Senate can expect to explain away their infamy, or live it down, is something that I cannot fathom. The roll of dishonor is as follows:

Bailey, of Texas; Tillman, of South Carolina; Bankhead and Johnstone, of Alabama; Watson, of West Virginia; Smith, of Maryland; Simmons, of North Carolina; Paynter, of Arkansas; Fletcher, of Florida; Foster, of Louisiana, and Thornton, of Louisiana.

Neither Terrell, of Georgia, nor Taliaferro, of Florida, was paired *against* Lorimer. They had it in their power to offset two Lorimer votes, and they failed to do so. Hence, they virtually gave two votes to the corruptionist.

* * *

The following legislators, who confessed, gave this testimony at the investigation:

White: "I asked Mr. Browne (leader of 30 members of the Democratic minority) what I was to receive for voting for Mr. Lorimer, how much I was to get, and he replied by saying: 'You are not afraid to trust that to me, are you, old boy?' I told him that I was not afraid to trust it to him, but I would like to know. He said, 'You will get one thousand dollars, and it is ready cash, too.' Then I asked him how much we were to get from the other source (the jackpot), and he says, 'You will get about that much, or a little more.'"

White testified he received $100 in Springfield, $50, and subsequently $850 in Chicago, and finally $900 in St. Louis, from "Bathroom Bob" Wilson, another legislator, who represented Browne, the latter being too ill to make the trip to the Missouri city.

Link's testimony is as follows:

Q. What took place when you got into Mr. Lee O'Neill Browne's presence in his room in the Southern Hotel in the month of June?

A. Mr. Browne handed me some money.

Q. What did he say when he handed you the money?

A. He said 'Here is a package for you.'

Q. How much was it?

A. $1,000.

"Bathroom Bob" Wilson gave Link the same amount.

Q. What did he tell you it was?

A. He says "Here is some money."

Q. Mr. Link, did you count the amount of money?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. How much was it?

A. Nine hundred dollars.

Q. Were you surprised when you got it?

A. No, sir.

Beckemeyer testified:

Q. You were going with your gang wherever it went?

A. Yes.

Q. As a result of that you took this $1,000.

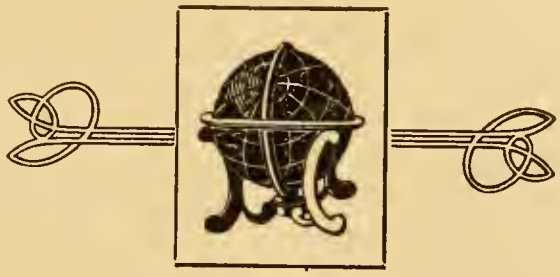
A. Yes, sir.

Q. And you understood it was because of your vote for Mr. Lorimer?

A. That is what I understood; yes sir.

State Senator Holstlaw's testimony is as follows:

"The night before the vote for Lorimer was taken, Broderick said to me, 'We are going to elect Lorimer tomorrow, aren't we?' I said: 'Yes, I thought we were,' and I intended to vote for him. He said: 'There is $2,500 for you.' "



The Old House

Walter Willisson Stephen

The whispering wind sweeps swiftly through the gloom,
The cedars sigh adown the weed-grown walk;
And through the dusty darkness of each empty room
Dead memories stalk.

The live-oaks moan beside the bayou's stream;
An owl hoots from the moss, amid his flight.
And they who strolled here, 'neath Antares' gleam—
They haunt the night.

The Sunny Side of Things

Alice Louise Lytle

St. Augustine, Fla.

ST. AUGUSTINE has been twice discovered—once in 1565, when a Spanish adventurer, Menendez de Avelez, caught sight of this part of Florida and liked it so well he named it after the Saint whose birth-day it happened to be when he dropped anchor.

The second discovery was a good many years later, and Henry B. Plant was the second adventurer.

From the remains of old buildings, old houses, the Spanish Fort and the general old-world air, the railroad man decided the re-discovery of St. Augustine could be made profitable.

To make geography and history of interest to rich folks, you must give them "atmosphere"—but you must accompany this with running hot and cold water, stationary bath-tubs, French menus and plenty of gilt and red plush.

Realizing this, Mr. Plant bought all of St. Augustine that could be bought, and built some hotels which were imitations of various periods of Spanish architecture.

Hither the Northern students of antiquity come every winter. Besides plenty of money, most of the tourists have gout, dyspepsia, indigestion and an unquenchable thirst for the picturesque.

With the money thus derived, St. Augustine reminds one very much of a charming old lady who, while appreciating her charms of age, bedizens herself in the modern manner.

The streets of St. Augustine are laid out on the economical lines of the cities of the Old World. Family secrets would be an impossibility, as it is a simple matter to "reach across" and shake hands with one's neighbor on a balcony, from one's own home.

The sea-wall is the promenade, and on a moonlight night, with a full tide in the harbor, it would be a poor specimen of mankind or womankind who could not grow blissfully sentimental.

There is a "slave-market"—so-called, where sympathetic tourists call up visions of Elizas and Topseys of the old days being sold at public outcry. But when one has talked with a native, one learns that slaves were not sold at this place, and it was more of a "pump house," or gathering point for the rural residents who came into the city to trade—a pump provided water for thirsty man and beast.

For many years the city was walled, and entrance was had only through the city's gate; these points are still in a fairly good state of repair.

The fort, "San Marco," of Spanish days, Fort Marion, in plain United States, is the drawing card of the place. This has been restored, but the original plans were followed exactly.

The Minorcans, a mixture of French and Spanish, are the descendants of the early settlers, corresponding to the Creoles of New Orleans; they are a slight, olive complexioned people with most charming manners.

Palmetto hats, fans, and knic-knacks of all sorts run the picture post-card a close second.

It is doubtful if one-fiftieth of the tourists who flock annually to Europe have ever seen or heard of St. Augustine. Yet it is one of the most perfectly beautiful of our very few beautiful American cities.

The hotels are as luxurious as any in any part of the country, and the natural beauty of the country, with its moss-draped oaks, its rows of Spanish bayonets (a species of yucca) and its air of old-world drowsiness and isolation from the turbulence of the aver-

age American city, is a tonic to the world-easy and a boon to those who have the price and the time to avail themselves of its charms.

Our National Dress-Fete—Easter

The average American father and husband dreads three periods in life—moving day, Christmas and Easter. The first named is a season of general discomfort for the entire family, and as misery loves company, it isn't so hard to bear.

Christmas also has extenuating circumstances (barring the bills) and the air is full of the joyousness which belongs to the season.

But Easter is inseparably linked to Hats, and unhappy indeed is that poor man who has a wife and daughters with the Easter Hat habit.

The real origin of Easter has been too long debated for this feeble pen to attempt to enter the lists; suffice it only to go back to our childhood and recall that it signified a new Hat, a new frock "pieces" at Sunday school, the esctatic warbling of many little voices that "Easter has come" and—dyed eggs.

In later days, Easter means hurry orders to the milliner, dressmaker and the florist. These three are, in a measure, the only ones who can sympathize in any degree with the father of a family of girls—but their sympathy doesn't count. They are overworked in one sense only, while father is overworked for every cent he can be induced to part with.

Whether the milliners and dressmakers acted as incentive to the florist, cannot be stated, but certain it is, the Hat began the Easter dress-parade, the frock or gown coming in at a later period, and Church Decorations coming a tardy third.

The correlation to the feminine mind is this: A new spring Hat makes a gown look shabby; hence, if one has one, one must have the other.

And as it has become the custom to put a floral exhibit in the churches at this special time to prove Spring has really arrived, one should not add a discordant note by appearing in Winter garb.

The strength and logic of which reasoning can be grasped and appreciated only by the feminine mind.

Of late years Man has shown a tendency to usurp some of the feminine dress prerogatives. A modest mauve-colored necktie may be the opening wedge one year, to be followed the next by a new tie and a fancy waistcoat.

When he has gotten that far, the rest is easy, and it's a safe bet that by the third year he is as fussily arrayed in a new Spring outfit as the feminine members of the family.

To the juveniles, Easter rabbits are mysterious creatures who leave gaily-colored eggs for fortunate little girls and boys who have been so good since Christmas that this special benefaction is showered on them.

While Easter doesn't cost quite so much as Christmas, it looms up big in the annual bill collections of the average American father.

The religious side? Oh, yes—there's usually some very high-class music at the churches, with the flowers beforementioned, but it's really the Hats everyone goes to see.

A Motor Trip Through the Piney Woods of Georgia, to Florida

Oscar S. Lee

THERE were in the party, the Leader, his son-in-law, the Major, the Major's brother, "Jimmie," and the chauffeur.

Bright and early on a Sunday in February they started valiantly, armed with a "Blue Book" of ancient vintage, and a determination to make a record, or starve. They nearly did the latter —and the son-in-law tells all about it, thus:

We determined to make our destined point in two and one-half days: for this reason we used the half day first. Well, we did fine with that first half day. We got to Swainsboro by supper time, 96 miles; no accident nor trouble getting lost. It was very gratifying to us all and we agreed to get a "soon"start next morning and go to Savannah for breakfast, only 90 more miles from there to Brunswick for dinner, 90 more miles, and from Brunswick to Jacksonville, another 90 miles, for supper. We all realized this was quite a journey for one day, but our Leader does not know the word failure, so he had us all up and on the way before daylight. Everything was going just right, when out about ten miles one of the big tires exploded—sounded like a dynamite explosion right under us. Uncle Jimmie jumped out of the car before it could be stopped; Major yelled "My God!" our Leader got out as soon as we could slow down sufficiently; he walked indifferently out into the woods about fifty yards, laid down for a nap while we were at work trying to mend up. We consumed just one hour, and of course lost 25 miles. Up to this time and place we did not need the new Blue Book, as our leader and Major had frequently traveled all roads in that section campaigning, but now they gave me the Blue Book with instructions to consult it and keep in the right road. As this book was compiled three years ago and many changes had taken place in building and making highways, you should get a faint idea of what I was up against, especially when we would frequently come to two roads leading off from the main road. The book would say take the left, when the right would have every appearance of being right. We would invariably stop still. I would show them what the book said. Major would contend that the right-hand road was right because it seemed to lead us south. While we discussed, our Leader would get impatient and order us straight ahead, which would split the difference and sometimes we would be ordered back ten miles to take one of the other roads.

We soon realized if we reached Savannah for late dinner we would do exceedinly well. We also had another blow out and another hour lost. We at that time also lost ourselves, though we soon got right again and the roads began to improve. Everything went well with us on to Savannah, and we really got there for late dinner. After getting lunch and buying out one of the garage houses, we decided that we would run on down to Brunswick, knowing we could make that point before night—only 90 more miles.

After we had gotten well on the way I thought of gasoline; made a hasty examination and found we had about one gallon, so we had to right about and go back several miles to Savannah for gasoline, but that was a small matter, and we were soon on our way for Brunswick stew by 7 o'clock sharp. We went fine for

31 miles—beautiful road. Just as we were leaving this fine shell road one of our new Firestone tires was punctured. Still we did not lose heart. We could almost taste that Brunswick stew. We did not know what was before us.

We entered a bleak, piney woods country where people live twenty miles apart and where the roads are crossed and forked about every twenty to thirty minutes. Blue Books are not worth 10 cents a dozen in a country like this. Every time we passed a house where someone lived, they invariably told us we were yet 32 miles from Brunswick. After traveling in this barren, bleak, desolate country for three of four hours in darkness at the rate of 20 to 25 miles per hour, we stopped at a small farm house and were informed that we were yet 32 miles from Brunswick, so Major began immediately to make terms to spend the night. It was a small three-room house; a widow, two boys and one grown daughter. Uncle Jimmie asked the lady where her husband was. She informed him he was dead. Uncle Jimmie asked how long? Reply —two weeks. The grown daughter's name was Sidney, that being the name of our driver. When Mrs. Williams would call her daughter, our driver naturally would answer. So we let the driver stay out in the automobile to keep down confusion, but mostly because there was no other place. We had one room for all four of us. I slept on a hard pallet on the floor. I thought it was terrible, but I did not know then what was waiting for me the following night. This stopping place I learned was much better than what was in store for us the next night. Mrs. Williams was very kind to us—such as she had she gave to us for the small sum of six dollars. Our lodging the next night was not near so much. The next morning our Leader explained that the run on down to Brunswick was so short that we would not rush any more, but take it leisurely and run on down to Jacksonville and spend Tuesday night in Jacksonville. So we left Mrs. Williams' Tuesday morning at 8 o'clock, expecting to get early lunch or Brunswick stew, and go right on to Jacksonville.

We met the very worst of all automobile roads on this last section of thirty-two miles; besides crossing a ferry six miles wide againt a strong tide. This ferry consumed four hours in crossing—the ferryman holding us up for ten dollars on the other side. I finally compromised with him for six dollars, though he took it under protest. I forgot to state that I was made secretary and treasurer of the party at the start, and if I had not argued with some of the Grafters I might not have been able to make the finances hold out.

But we really did get to Brunswick. Enquired the way to a cafe; a nice young man got on the steps of the big car and asked that he be allowed to take us to a good place where meals would be served the moment we sat down. He took us to a store all decorated outside and inside. Some ladies were serving lunches for their church. Being in a hurry, we were much pleased. Quite a number of pretty girls were right with us the moment we sat down; they rushed us out about half a dozen little individual dishes with Yankee beans, vegetables of different kinds—almost anything except what a real hungry fellow most desired. I simply ate nothing. Old Uncle Jimmie is quite deaf, as you know, and at that particular time quite hungry. He also was not aware of the fact that he was not in a public restaurant, so he began pounding on his glass with his knife and yelling, "Waiter, waiter!" Our Leader, being of a very nervous temperament, asked Major to explain to Uncle Jimmie that this was a church affair. After Major finally got him to understand that the ladies would not come because

he called them "waiters," Uncle Jimmie's only apology was, "Why in the — why didn't you tell me before you brought me in here." We chipped in $2.50 to the church and left Brunswick, some of us about as hungry as when we arrived. Our Leader asked that I wire his son at Jacksonville that we would arrive there for supper; so sure, you see. Only 90 more miles with the first 20 miles shell road—also the last 20 miles, leaving only 50 miles of the bleak, dismal saw-mill country which was overlooked until we got right into it; also two ferries that we did not figure on. We soon made the shell road and were doing fine in the sand road, running by the Blue Book till night caught us, when we were stopped in the midst of a dismal pine forest to light up our headlights. To our astonishment, dismay and disappointment the lights would not light—they simply would not work at all. After almost giving up in despair, Uncle Jimmie agreed to stand up in the automobile and hold one of the small lamps on his head. We were all willing to try anything. We noticed the pine forest aglow with lightning bugs and by this big light, with the aid of the many lesser lights we were able to go forward at the rate of five miles per hour. We kept this up for about ten miles, when we arrived at a very small farm house —only two rooms—but Uncle Jimmie was quite tired and insisted that we rouse the sleepers. He finally got a drowsy, sleepy fellow out and he informed us we were considerably out of our way, but we could find a place to lodge at a small station called Callahan, just ten miles farther on. He brought in his hand an old, worn-out lantern which I proposed to buy on the spot. He asked, "Whatchergive?" I replied, "one dollar," and he willingly handed it over. He seemed willing to direct us to Callahan, or at least to a big road that would lead us to Callahan. He said it was about four miles to that big road.

We pulled out for it and after taking a dozen or more right and left roads through the forest, we came to an old saw-mill. We tried for hours to leave this old saw-mill. I am sure we travelled fifty miles around that old mill place and every time we would get right into a road that would lead us back.

About half past two o'clock a. m. on one of our rounds Major suggested that we get out and see what we could find. After a thorough investigation, we found several empty shanties; the old mill was abandoned—not a soul living nearer than ten miles. We were all completely exhausted—we had gone without dinner or supper, and it began to look as if we would be compelled to have late breakfast, if we waited to get to Callahan; but we were all game, so we decided to wait for daylight to leave this old mill place.

Major and I proceeded to build a fire in one of the shanties; we piled on a lot of dry chips and bark, (as this was about all the saw-mill people had left), we soon had a big fire roaring. When we discovered that our chimney was made of upright boards, and the whole thing was on fire. We rushed the automobile out about fifty yards and we all turned firemen for awhile, using sand to extinguish the flames, as no water was near.

After this excitement died down, it was nearly time to start again; this naturally brought on the usual discussion, as the Blue Book was now lost as well as ourselves. We had no trouble getting roads out in every direction, so we finally submitted to the road selected by the Major; he said he knew it was right because it led south; he also vowed he heard the chickens crowing at Callahan, also the dogs barking, and he was quite sure we would get there for an early breakfast; said it was not over three or four miles at best.

We took his road and after running ten miles, we arrived at the first little

house where people seemed to live. Uncle Jimmie yelled loud enough to wake up dead folks. He finally did wake a woman who came to the door; after much explanation we finally got her to understand that we wished to go to Callahan. She said, "Well, you are in the right road;" this being the first automobile she had ever seen she, of course, could not know which way we were travelling, but when we got started she yelled that we would be obliged to turn around, as Callahan was on this road twenty miles the opposite way. So we had to right about, as usual, and go back to our old saw-mill and try another road that finally got us into a wilderness where people lived twenty miles apart again, but we kept up good spirits and a good rate of speed, turning first to the right and then to the left, going up to large bodies of water and backing away, twisting and turning until Major heard another dog barking, also heard a cow lowing. This cow finally led us to a farm house; the farmer told us we were only four miles from Callahan, and Major talked over the direction carefully with him. We thought it best for one man to get this information, as we usually all had a different idea about the direction, and now that we were so near and all of us so thoroughly exhausted and hungry we would not take any further chances.

After Major got back into the machine he gave orders; he was dead sure this time of Callahan; after going a short distance we came to the usual three-forked road; Major directing, we got on the wrong road. Either of the other two went to Callahan, and the one we were travelling went back to the saw-mill, though we turned before it reached that terrible place.

In order that we should reach Callahan before late dinner, Major directed us back to this same farm house and hired one of the farmer's boys to pilot us to Callahan, paying him well for his time.

After we had cleaned up a restaurant at Callahan we pulled out for Jacksonville, getting a good road that did not fork, and getting to Jacksonville Wednesday about one o'clock.

We put the automobile in the garage immediately, storing it there by the month. We are now comfortably installed at Lasola and fully recovered from our "joy ride" from Thomson, Ga., to Jacksonville, Fla.

The Jeff's Baby Show

IF COL. ROOSEVELT had asked THE JEFFS about it, we could have told him not to worry about race suicide in this country.

Since THE JEFF'S Baby Show started, the whole force has been busy saying, "Oh!" and "Ain't it cute!" every time the mail-boy brings the mail sack in.

FRED BATCHELLER,
(Three years old). High Shoals, Ga.

And the mail-boy has it worse than anyone. From a distance we are always able to guess relatively the number of photographs. When he comes along the road like a very fat porpoise in a very big hurry, we say, "Hah! Barney's bringing in a lot of babies in this mail."

When he comes like an A. D. T. messenger boy who has had a fifty-cent tip, with the promise of another fifty when he gets back, we say, "Gracious, he must have a sack full of babies this time."

When he comes slowly, we know we are only going to lose maybe half an hour classifying the babies.

Then all the ladies in the office come around and we have a sort of Baby Show right then and there.

After the ladies have admired them

DUPUY FORSTER CAYCE.
(Seventeen months old.)

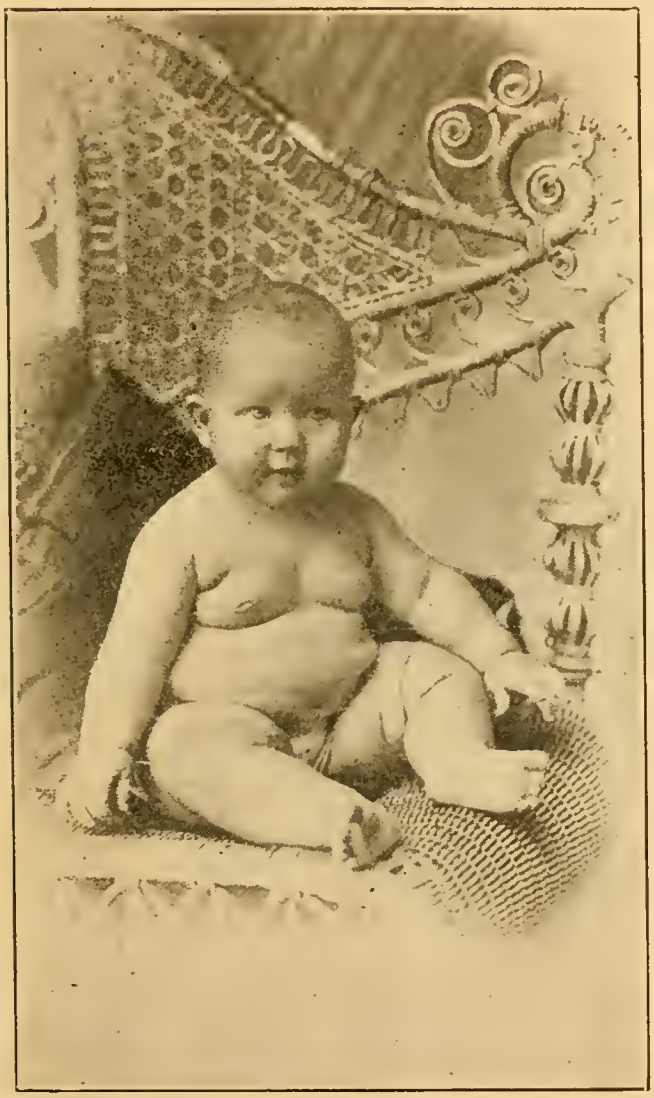
the men on the force remark casually: "How's the Baby Show contest coming on?" and as some of the men are bachelors, we take great pleasure in showing them what they are missing in life by not having one or two entries.

Well, aren't you surprised at the collection this month?

Isn't Dupuy Forster Cayce the dear-

est little Snow-bird Baby you ever saw? He's seventeen months old, and you can tell he's an "out-door" baby.

The young lady who is posing as Miss Few Clothes is Miss Christine Carter, six months old, of Prattsburg, Ga. Isn't she a living example of what the Empire State can do in the way of size?



CHRISTINE CARTER,
(Six months old). Prattsburg, Ga.

Santa Claus stopped off at one house in Ashburn, Ga., and left little Neal Sims, something of everything in his pack. Neal is three years old, and you can see how happy he is.

Little Fred Batcheller is being trained in the right way. His appreciation of WATSON'S MAGAZINE is apparent, and THE JEFFS feel immensely proud to have a copy of its publication in the same picture with this handsome little chap. Fred's home is High Shoals, Ga.

The royal pair of twins belong to Mr. and Mrs. Morehead, of Cannon, Ga., and they are the first twins to enter the contest, so it would seem to be up to the Baby Show Editor to provide another prize for twins. Any more entries?

Little Joe Blackman Emerson, Jr., is a solemn-faced little chap, isn't he? His home is Mena, Ark., and he isn't quite two years old. His big, thoughtful eyes seem to be peering into the problems of the future, but when he isn't having his picture taken Joe is a lively little boy of very pronounced views, with a tendency to endorse milk as a steady diet for future voters.

NEAL SIMS,
(Three years old). Ashburn, Ga.

The rules of the competition are simple. A photograph of the baby, under three years of age, accompanied by one dollar for a year's subscription, is all that is necessary.

The girl's first prize will be a hand-

some sewing machine; the second, a gold locket and chain.

For the boy's first prize a gold watch will be given, and an Edison phonograph will be the second.

JOE BLACKBURN EMERSON, Jr.,
Mena, Arkansas.

Each entry will entitle the child entered to a full set of post-cards, showing various views of THE JEFFS' new home and some of the family who make the wheels go around.

There will be a picture of Mr. Watson, one of Daddy Jim, one of the Superintendent and one of the Baby Show Editor.

The contest closes the last week in May, no more photographs being received after that time.

The pictures will be run until each entry has been shown.

The judges will be five in number—

TWINS OF MR. AND MRS. MOREHEAD.
Cannon, Ga.

one from Georgia, one from Tennessee, one from Texas, one from Arkansas and one from Mississippi. In this way there can be no dispute as to the decision of the judges, and every baby will be assured "fair play."

WHY U. S. GIVES BOND WHEN BOROWING.

Dear Sir: (1) Why is it necessary for the United States to give bond when we borrow money from other countries?

(2) Why is it necessary for this country to borrow money?

(3) What is the interest paid on U. S. Government bonds? M. J. S.

Paterson, N. J.

Answer.

(1) The bond given by the Government is simply the evidence of indebtedness, showing the amount due the creditor and the interest promised, the date of the debt and the time of payment. In legal effect, the issuance of a bond by a government is the same as giving a promissory note by one citizen to another, as an evidence of a debt which is due from one to the other.

(2) National debts, as a rule, had their origin in the same way that private debts arise. The Government either owed more than it could pay, or its expenses exceeded its revenues. Therefore the creation of the public debt, which is now represented in various different countries. As a matter of fact, national debts are of modern invention, and at present are used as a prop to "frenzied finance." The British Government and the Government of the United States could pay for every dollar that they owe, if they choose to do so, but there are so many privileged persons interested in keeping the government in debt, and thereby in partnership to the capitalists, that at present bonds are issued for no other reason under heaven than to give these privileged persons the leverage which they need to support their system.

(3) The United States bond bears from 2 to 4 per cent interest. T. E. W.

AS TO THE PARCELS POST.

Dear Sir: What is your honest opinion of the benefit to farmers by the Parcels Post? Would it harm the local retail merchant, and how would it affect the Government? LEONARD LEE.

Thomson, Ga.

Answer.

The Parcels Post would benefit every farmer and every other citizen who sends or receives packages by express. It simply cheapens the rate of transportation. Instead of paying the express company for carriage one-half of the value of the package sent or received, as we now often do, we would pay the Government according to the real cost of service and therefore save millions to the people.

(2) It would not hurt "the little retail merchant." It would help him. He could keep in stock hundreds of articles supplied by the department stores of the great cities, and his customers would buy these articles from him, at a moderate profit, rather than take the time and trouble to order them direct.

The Parcels Post hurts no legitimate business or profit. It would simply restore a public utility to the public and would say to the over-fat express companies: "You've had enough; let the people now enjoy what is theirs."

(3) By refusing to pay more. The Government has the power to compel the corporations to give us decent treatment, but the trouble is that the corporations run the Government.

Unless the people rouse themselves and make a change all the way up from the very foundation, the corporations will continue to rule and to rob. T. E. W.

THE RETENTION OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

Dear Sir: I will greatly appreciate an expression from you regarding the right of the United States to keep the Philippines.

R. L. BECKER.

Montgomery, Ala.

Answer.

This republic has no business whatever with a Colonial empire; therefore we have no business in the Philippines.

Our record there, ever since Dewey, with his first-class ships battered down those old rotten Spanish forts and old rotten Spanish tubs, has been one long, shameful series of blunder, extravagance, mismanagement, rapine, and brutal slaughter.

If this Government could prevail upon Japan to accept the Philippines as "a gracious gift," it would be the act of wise statesmanship to make that disposition of our white elephant. T. E. W.

SOME DISCUSSION FROM A WOMAN SOCIALIST.

My Dear Sir: I have just sent by this mail, for your booklet on "Socialists and Socialism," being attracted to the same by that advertisement on the back of February's issue of **Watson's Jeffersonian Magazine**, which I have been receiving by the kindness of a friend. I confess to considerable curiosity as to how you propose to 'ruthlessly expose' the fallacies of the Socialist "Bible," and 'demonstrate' that "individual liberty, under Socialism, would be swept away." I never read the so-called "Bible" of Socialism, having found all my requirements in that line met by the Book held by all Christians to be the Word of God, so it will, of course, do my brand of Socialism no harm if you are really capable of demolishing the philosophy of Karl Marx. I am a Socialist because of my intense devotion to individual liberty, so if your demonstration satisfies my reason as claimed, I shall gladly "turn from the error of my ways." I am a Socialist also because of an equally intense devotion to the sacredness of marriage. My views are exactly expressed in the language of Swedenborg, who says that "the union of one man with one woman is the jewel of human life, and the repository of the Christian religion." But inasmuch as I well know that the majority of Socialists hold practically the same views on this subject with myself, it will give me only the greatest pleasure and satisfaction for you to expose the doctrine of free love in all its "hideous nakedness."

My brand of Socialism, (and I believe it to be the one, only, "Simon pure" brand), does not advocate social equality, (nor does any brand, to the detriment of individual liberty, so far as I know), or believe that one dead level of character, attainment or possessions is either desirable or attainable, so that "shot" also misses fire. There are undoubtedly some who merit, more or less, the characterization which you, so unjustly and ill-advisedly, as I believe, attempt to fasten upon all Socialists. It is, as ever, in the house of our false "friends" that we receive our severest wounds. Such are the only dangerous enemies of Socialism, but God will deliver us from them. There are, of course, an abundance of atheists and free lovers in all parties, but so far as I am aware, they have not yet been so misguided as to attempt to identify their moral and religious views with their economics, as certain Socialists have done. But it would be as fair and rational to point to the self-righteous hypocrites who abound in the churches far more than outside, and cry, "See how hideous a thing is the Christian religion," as to try to identify the atheism and free love of some Socialists with the principles of co-operation, equality of opportunity and majority rule which are the essentials of Socialism.

While I am writing I wish to express my warm approval of the stand your magazine takes upon the Roman Catholic hierarchy and foreign missions. God speed you along these lines, open your eyes to all truth, everywhere, and arm you with a strength which shall be "as the strength of ten," against all error and falsity.

I am sending you herewith several copies of a paper with which I have the honor to be identified, which represents what I consider the prevailing brand of Socialism—the only one with which the country will have to reckon with at last. I trust you will do me the honor to peruse them with some care, including my department. If you will do so, I should value exceedingly an expression of opinion as to how far you find your strictures upon Socialism justified therein.

Sincerely the friend of all truth, always, everywhere. M. KATHRYN SPIERS.

Richmond, Va.

Answer.

Just so, Mrs. Spiers has advanced to about the position occupied by the old Populists, and she honestly believes that she is a representative Socialist! She has not read the expose of Socialism, as set forth by the one great leader of International Socialism, Herr Bebel, who for more than a quarter of a century has been the universally acknowledged Moses of the movement.

When Mrs. Spiers shall have read "Woman Under Socialism," I trust she will compare its preachment with the practices of leading Socialists, such as Gorky, Walling, London, and Herron. As she has ordered my own book, "Socialists and Socialism," I would be glad to learn her opinion of it.

By the way, I see that De Leon, the translator of Bebel's unspeakably odious book, advertises what he calls his "debate" with Watson. He has had no debate with me. Repeatedly, but in vain, I challenged any representative Socialist, of national reputation, to come into this magazine, and discuss Socialism with me. None dared come. Why? Because they dreaded exposure on four weak points:

(1) Their antagonism to one-wife marriage, binding for life in the absence of statutory ground for divorce:

(2) Their antagonism to the private ownership of property:

(3) Their advocacy of Free Love, and of social equality with inferior colored races;

(4) Their opposition to Religion, and to all existing institutions.

My own opinion is that Socialism in America—at least so far as the rural communities are concerned—will settle down into radical, progressive Jeffersonian democracy. T. E. W.

A MEDIAEVAL CONDITION

Telephone Service—Universal or Limited?

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Science and Health. Bruce Calvert. Published by the Author at Griffith, Ind.

Bruce Calvert is possessed of a large, well-developed bump of humor: the sort of humor which amuses and instructs. He has evidently dipped into Christian Science in an interrogatory frame of mind, and he finds the cult "a comfortable one, because it is so easily digested."

And fewer critics have hit upon a happier phrase. He says, truly: "The greater part of us find it easier to believe than to think," and that's another little truth in sugar-coated form. The pamphlet is well printed, and while not composed of a great many leaves, it shows a deal of real, truly deep thinking on the part of the author. There is nothing in it to give offense to even the most faithful follower of Mrs. Eddy, but it would rouse some of the cult to warm debate, should they read it with an unbiased mind.

Originally the article appeared in Mr. Calvert's magazine, "The Open Road," and it is really one of the cleverest things he has written. A. L. L.

The Complete Orations and Speeches of Henry W. Grady. Edited by Edwin Du Bois Shurter, Associate Professor of Public Speaking in the University of Texas. Southwest Publishing Co., Austin, Texas, and San Francisco, Cal.

It was my good fortune to hear the impassioned speech which Henry W. Grady made at the unveiling of the Ben Hill monument in Atlanta. Hon. J. C. C. Black was the orator of the occasion, and he delivered, from printed slips, a very admirable review of the character and record of Mr. Hill. His excoriation of those Southern men who acted with the Republicans during the reconstruction period, is equal to any passage to be found in Burke's great speeches against Warren Hastings.

Grady, following Major Black, was far more fiery, and carried the crowd into a perfect frenzy of enthusiasm. It seemed to me the speech was extemporaneous, and I remember one climax in which he exclaimed that "this was the most glorious Easter the world had seen since Christ was crucified." The reference was to the removal of Southern sentimen, in the welcome extended to ex-President Jefferson Davis, who was given ovation after ovation wherever he appeared.

Mr. Davis spoke briefly after Messrs. Black and Grady, and I was impressed by the fact that the debility which was so painfully apparent in his physique and his voice, had also extended to his mind.

In publishing this collection of Grady's speeches, Prof. Shurter has rendered the country a service. It is well for the young men of this country to drink deeply at this fountain of inspiration. The sentiment rings true, the patriotism is deep and pure, the appeal to civic righteousness sincere and powerful.

It cannot be said that Grady was a master of any great economic question or governmental principle; he was a master of his craft as special correspondent of a newspaper; he was a born reporter of the most brilliant capacity for that line of work. He could also captivate any crowd, and touch every chord of feeling in the human heart, but it cannot be said that he went to the bottom of any subject he handled. Even his plea for prohibition does not embrace the strongest of all arguments against the open bar-room: to wit, that society stultifies itself when it sells to any individual member thereof the opportunity to undo the good work which society, through the home, school and church, is endeavoring to do for humanity.

In this connection it is curious to note that nearly every one of Grady's speeches on the New South, and the Southern condition under the slave regime, are nothing but dazzling amplifications of Ben Hill's speech at Athens on July 31, 1871. Grady was living in Athens then, I believe, and probably heard the speech.

It is said that wherever Grady had to make a speech on the tariff, he went to Dr. H. V. M. Miller for the ideas and the facts.

It is to be regretted that Prof. Shurter did not include in his collection Grady's remarkable lecture, "Patchwork Palace." In his next edition I trust he will supply this omission. It has always been a surprise to me that Joel Chandler Harris failed to include that wonderful lecture in the collection which was published soon

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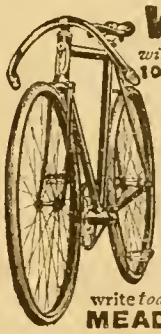

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after Grady's death. It would seem Prof. Shurter did not know that the Harris book was put together very hastily, as is deplorably usual in such cases, and that some of Grady's best things were left out. I have in my own scrap book a number of Grady's speeches and special articles that are far better than those gathered in the Harris collection. T. E. W.

Waterloo. By Thomas E. Watson. New York. The Neale Publishing Cofpany, Pittsburg. All book-sellers, 160 pages, $1.00 net.

If you have read Tom Watson's "Story of France" or his "Napoleon"—and almost everybody has—you know how he writes history, the dash and brilliance and zeal of it all. No living writer uses facts with more vital effect. The men and women who made and unmade and remade France—kings, queens, priests, harlots, soldiers, prelates, demagogues—they are human beings, living with their work to wreck or make fortune, "even as you and I." And when these men and women are dead, you close the "book" and find it labeled "history!"

Well, Tom Watson's "Waterloo" is superb. It is Napoleon staking crown and empire, fame and happiness, and all our heart is in the fight. We help dispose the forces; we study the sky; will the elements befriend The Man? We watch Wellington coldly; he is a great general, but his blood is ice, and yonder is—Napoleon! We wait for Grouchy; he is breakfasting with leisurely elegance, and Napoleon—Napoleon is waiting for him! We send courier after courier, message after message. We watch the face of The Man. The afternoon shadows are lengthening. . . . O, God! where is Grouchy? That's Tom Watson's "Waterloo." It lays your heart at Napoleon's feet.

Napoleon!—years ago, and that great word,
Compact of human breath in hate and dread
And exultation, skied us overhead;
An atmosphere whose lightning was the sword
Scathing the cedars of the world, drawn down
In burnings by the metal of a crown.

—Mrs. Browning, in The Pittsburg (Pa.) Dispatch.

Leaves of Life. A book of poems by Samuel Harley Lyle, Jr. The McGregor Co., Athens, Ga.

Southern people will read this little volume with interest—not so much because of the depth .f the poems and verses it contains, as for the great promise it gives of the young author adding lustre to the South's literary strength. The young poet has a sweet touch—sentimen and the serious view of life are well balanced. The metre of some of the verses is faulty at times, but the little volume has some gems worth reading and preserving. Perhaps one of the best, showing the depth of serious thought which the young poet is capable of, is this:

The Eternal Paradox.

He knew the grief that racks the soul,
He wandered where the hills are bare,
And to the cold, bright stars each night
Rose from his lips an anguished prayer.

'Twas then he sang of summer streams,
Of scenes far moved from pain or strife;
And men gave heed, and smiled, and said:
"This man has found but joy in life."

A. L. L.

The Prodigal Judge. By Vaughan Kester. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, Ind.

A novel of 448 pages should possess extraordinary merit. Either in the plot, the incidents or the dialogue should be found unusual dramatic interest, or entertainment. Candor compels me to say that had the author digested his material more thoroughly, and condensed the stoy by at least one-third, it would have been more satisfactory.

The Prodigal Judge does stand out vividly, a real creation of fertile genius. He is likeable, is witty, is wise, is strong in spite of his being a sot. But the other characters in the book are shadows, not persons. The notorious John Murrell, the horse-thief, is made too much of a fine gentleman. Betty Malloy, the heroine, does not get acquainted with the reader; and Carrington, who wins her, flits in and out of the narrative in a most baffling fashion. The attempt at negro dialect is a flat failure.

The story, at times, is thrillingly interesting: at others, it drags. The Cavendishes add nothing, and the only discernible reason for their presence is to pick up Bob Yancey, after the villians, Slosson and Murrell, have thrown his seemingly lifeless body into the river.

As per orthodox ordering, all the good folks in this book, come into happiness; while the wicked are overtaken by their deeds, and are beaten with many stripes.

T. E. W.

A SHOWING OF

Life Insurance *Vs.* Commercial Enterprises, Banks, Trust Companies and Railroads

According to Bradstreet's

Says the *Western Underwriter:*

FROM THE "WESTERN UNDERWRITER" SEPTEMBER 10, 1908.

During the past ten years, according to Bradstreet's, there have been over one hundred thousand commercial failures, with liabilities of over $1,500,000,000.

During the past ten years six hundred banks and trust companies have closed their doors, with liabilities of over $380,000,000.

During the past ten years there have been ninety-three railroad receiverships, with stock and bond issues involved of over $6,000,000,000.

While for life insurance it can be said that for more than thirty years there HAS NOT BEEN ONE SINGLE FAILURE of an old line life insurance company which has been continuously on a legal basis.

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GET INFORMATION

Provide for Old Age NOW. Protect Your Family.

WANAMAKER'S AND JOHN WANAMAKER.

Shopping nowadays means examining and pricing different articles, in perhaps a number of different stores, without the slightest idea that the tagged or asking prices are in any way subject to alteration.

In times not so far distant, shopping was a much more complicated operation. Goods were almost universally marked at figures considerably above what they could be bought at, or in hieroglyphics unreadable to the buyer. Haggling over prices was expected and "Caveat Emptor" (let the buyer beware) a mighty good rule to keep in mind. The unwary purchaser frequently paid for some article two or three times as much as his more experienced neighbor.

Back in the sixties there became prominent among the merchants of America a man who preached—and practiced as he preached—the doctrines of fair play and a square deal to everybody. He marked all the goods in his Philadelphia store in plain figures and spread broadcast the announcement that his plainly marked prices were as low as the goods of equal quality could be bought for anywhere, and that thereafter every customer in his store would be treated on exactly equal terms. Other merchants were amazed or amused, as the mood struck them, and predicted the early collapse of so radical and ridiculous a policy, and the quick insolvency of its author.

Then John Wanamaker inaugurated another policy, equally revolutionary in its way. He announced that a sale of goods in his store was not to be considered a sale unless the customer was satisfied with his purchase. He instructed his managers not to insist on reasons when goods were returned. If a customer preferred his money to the goods, that was all sufficient.

On the basis of this principle a mail order service was then built up which now extends into every State and territory of the Union and to all other parts of the world. Purchasers no longer are obliged to visit New York or Philadelphia in order to shop at Wanamaker's. Wanamaker's comes to them. Every crossroads, post-office, express station or freight depot is a potential Wanamaker's.

Shopping at Wanamaker's by mail has been made so easy, so convenient and, above all else, so satisfactory, that it has become a veritable boon to thousands of women living on farms or in isolated hamlets throughout the country. A Wanamaker's mail order catalogue in the house means Wanamaker's great stores and extensive stocks right at hand. And a customer a thousand miles away from Wanamaker's knows that she can "shop at Wanamaker's" just as inexpensively and satisfactorily as though she lived in Philahelphia or New York.

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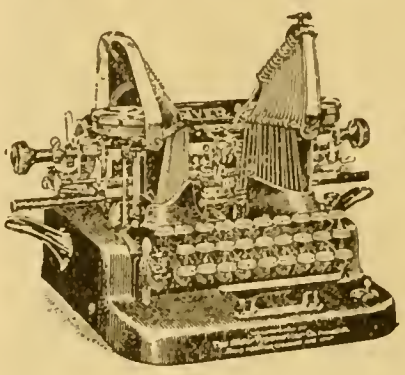

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Fred was born with club feet. The upper picture shows exactly how his feet looked when Fred was two years old. The other was made at the age of six, a few months after he came to us for treatment.

Mr. Selig had tried plaster paris and other methods for treatment before he brought the boy to us. Write him and have him tell you of his experience in the treatment of his boy's affliction. The

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restores cell function of the kidney not destroyed, arrests and prevents further spreading of the disease. His methods for treating kidney affections have been tested by the Cincinnati Post. A full detail of this investigation or test can be had by addressing him as below.

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'My method is intended to arrest the disease, even though it has destroyed most of the kidney, and to preserve intact that portion not yet destroyed. The medicines I use are for the purpose of neutralizing the poisons that form a toxine that destroys the cells in the tubes of the kidneys, and my success in the treatment of kidney diseases is enough to convince physician and patient alike, that science has mastered a hitherto 'incurable disease, physiologically speaking.'" Dr. Mott invites the afflicted to send their symptoms and to ask for his free expert opinion. He will send you his essay on kidney troubles.

Correspondence should be directed to

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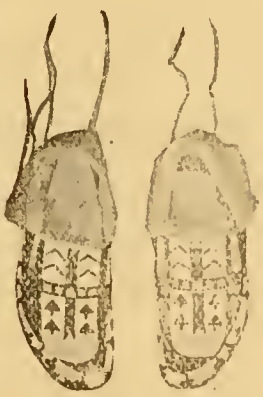

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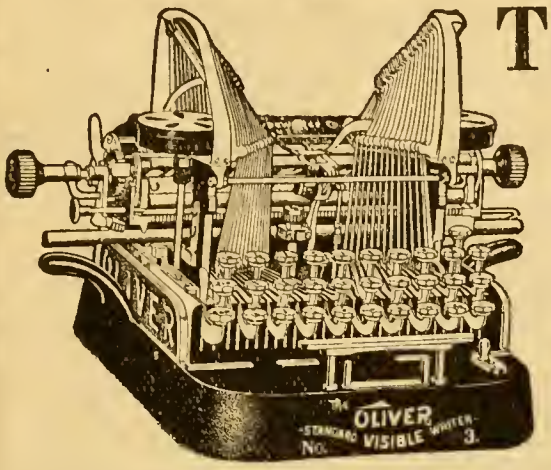

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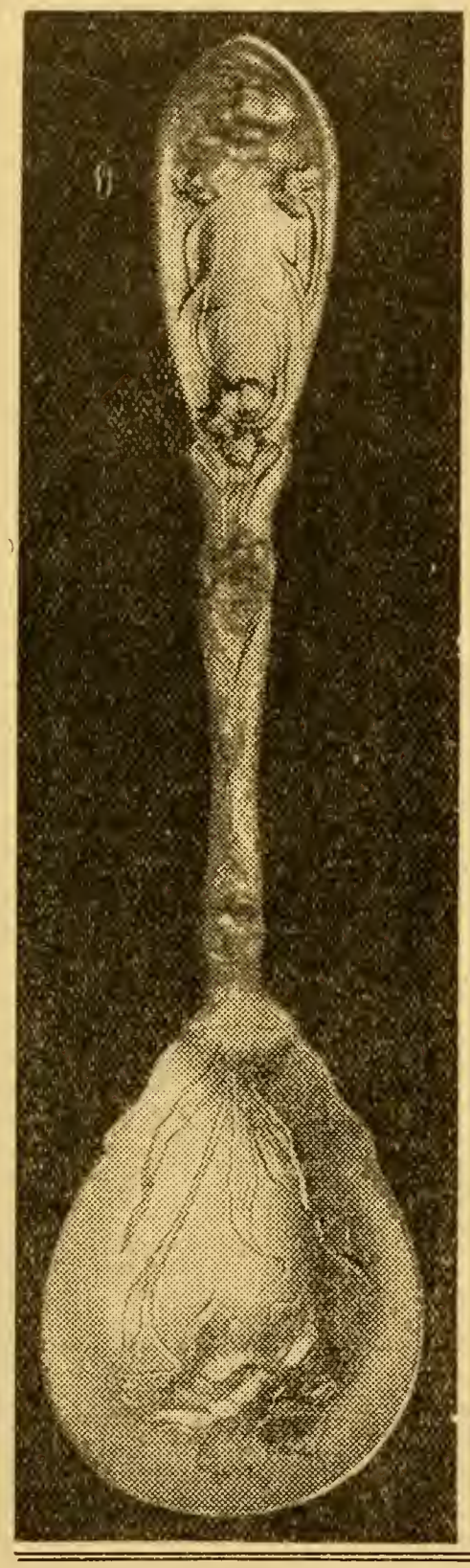

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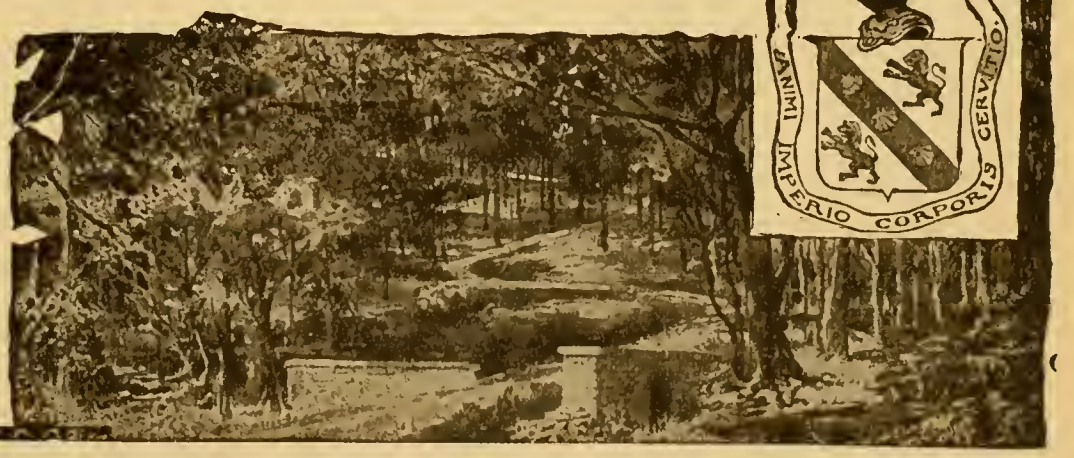

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